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A MOTOR-MAYING: THE MODERN SPIRIT IN THE MERRY MONTH.

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It is nearly a hundred and thirty years since the old House of Commons witnessed the expulsion of woman. Before that day ladies had been admitted into the Strangers' Gallery: on this memorable occasion they swarmed in such numbers that a misogynist called on the Speaker to turn them out. So fierce was the resistance they offered that it took two hours to vindicate the offended majesty of Parliament. If you want to know why feminine visitors to the House are shut up behind a grille, here is the reason. They are kept in a cage, like the larger specimens of the cat tribe at the "Zoo"; but less fortunate than the leopard and the cheetah, they are invisible to man. Until the other day they were even invisible to themselves. They sat in the dark with no refuge from the oratory below but sleep. A reforming statesman, Lord Balcarras (may he live for ever!), has lightened their bondage at last with electricity. They can now read, and inspect one another's frocks. They can watch the effect of the quips and quirks of the honourable members opposite on the wife or daughter of the right honourable gentleman who happens to be the target of those pleasantries.

In the new play at the St. James's Theatre Mrs. John Chilcote does not go to the House to hear her husband's great speech on the Persian Question. Now, in Mrs. Thurston's novel, the lady sits enraptured behind the grille; and as she drives home with the orator, who is not John Chilcote at all, but the audacious Mr. Loder, there is a very pretty scene of wifely affection. Is all this changed in the play because Mr. George Alexander and Miss Miriam Clements could not enact that scene very comfortably in a brougham on the stage; or does the adapter wish us to understand that Mrs. Chilcote has heard too much Parliamentary oratory in her time to yearn for any more? If that be the case, she has my entire sympathy. I begin to suspect that no woman who knows the House of Commons has the slightest desire to see the grille removed. If that were done, the mask would fall from some affectation of wifely and daughterly devotion. The honourable members opposite, quizzically watching the effect of the right honourable gentleman's eloquence on the members of his family upstairs, might note that it bored them horribly. But the grille mercifully hides their emotions; and now, thanks to Lord Balcarras (may he have a statue in Parliament Square, and an anniversary for wreaths of forget-me-nots!), they can read the evening paper, or hold their startled breath over that remarkable novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne."

At the clubs we have a printed summary of the debates every half-hour, compiled by Olympians who sit in the Press Gallery, disdainfully recording the wit and wisdom of the mortals below. A glance at this is quite enough for the expert reader who wants to know what is going on at the House. May I suggest that this useful service should be supplied to the Ladies' Gallery? If not (some economist might veto it on the ground of the burden to the national finances) I daresay an official could be induced to smuggle in the slips, printed in nice bold type by the Exchange Telegraph Company. Then the wives, daughters, sisters, and innamoratas of M.P.'s need not listen to the debates at all; they can be absorbed in the love-affairs of Sir Marcus Ordeyne until dinner-time, and then give three minutes to the summary, which will tell them sufficient to equip them for tickling the vanity of the egregious orators. "That was a capital point you made, Papa," the unblushing Cicely may remark at the first opportunity, quoting the point from the summary, and causing her innocent parent to believe that she heard him make it! I must warn the ladies, however, that the Olympians have a habit of dismissing any M.P.'s they cannot endure with this formula: "After some remarks from Mr. Boreham," although Mr. B. has probably held forth for an hour. It may be necessary, therefore, for Mrs. and Miss B. to lend that gentleman their ears for a minute or so. After that they can return with a sigh of satisfaction to the surprising adventures of Sir Marcus in his search for a Theory of Life.

In the Paris Salon there is a picture guarded by a policeman. It is the portrait of a French General, and it was lately attacked by a critic with the ferrule of his umbrella. At the end of the engagement the General's nose and one of his eyes were put out of action. It does not appear that the assailant was provoked by what he considered the technical demerits of the work. His Theory of Life is that no public man whose character or political associations he dislikes ought to pose unchallenged on the walls of a picture gallery. In fine, he has introduced a new development of the duello. You behold the portrait of the obnoxious public man; you shake your umbrella at him; he responds with a disdainful stare; you tell him what you think of him; he preserves a biting silence; then you knock his eye out, damage his nose, and

walk away in the company of a gendarme or two, with the proud consciousness that your honour is avenged. The gift of painting is conferred by Providence for the general good; but what if it be misused to glorify features that offend the soul of the upright man? Why, then you have a new and burning reason to disregard the rights of property, in accordance with the principles which, it is clear, must displace all the philosophies, ancient and modern.

An ingenious critic attempts to show that one of the conventions of novel-writing is to indicate character by the choice of personal names. For instance, he says, ladies in fiction who are called Judith or Vera have a marked tendency to ill-doing. Well, I have just made the acquaintance of a Judith whose sacrifice to duty should satisfy the most exacting moralist; and there is a very recent Vera who, as I learn on the authority of Miss Henriette Corkran, conducted a studio in Paris on the most laudable principles. In the far-off days, when Ouida wrote "Moths," was not Vera the suffering heroine of that exciting story? If I remember rightly, her husband, to whom she was married against her will, was a ferocious brute; and after enduring much, she went off with a chivalrous and romantic tenor. But Ouida certainly wished us to treat her Vera with respectful sympathy.

All the same, one gets a shock now and then from the behaviour of a familiar name. Old association makes it difficult to connect Sam with deep-laid villainy. He reminds me pleasantly of Lord Dunderbary's brother, and of the desponding sentimentalist in the song, who was urged not to let his spirits go down, because many a girl the singer knew well was looking for him in the town. But in one of the American plays now engaging the popular interest, Sam is the most unscrupulous fellow you can imagine. He is a Wall Street financier, who deliberately ruins a whole family that he may offer to retrieve their fortunes if the marriageable daughter will have him. There comes a crisis when you are waiting anxiously for her brother to kick Sam out of the house; but the family seem to regard his enterprise as natural, if uncomfortable. Wall Street, apparently, must behave like that when it is provoked by a girl's obstinacy. So when Sam, completely exposed and finally rejected, remarks to the ladies: "I guess that after this fuss you won't want me to escort you to the ball?" one of them answers: "Just as you please, Sam." It is enough to break the heart of the Sam of song and story!

We all have our fancies and prepossessions in these matters, fancies which do not belong to anything so grave and responsible as a canon of criticism. That is why the regular critic has to suppress a good deal of himself when he is treating a book professionally. He must make a show of referring it to some standard of judgment far superior to the whimsical, hide-and-seek commotion which it may excite in his brain-cells. But the ordinary reader, who does not bother his head about any standard, is sometimes moved to send his private impressions to the author through the post; and they are said to be more agreeable to that worthy than the critical canons. Mr. W. D. Howells, frankly avowing this, wants to see the ordinary reader invested with the honours of print. "Why, indeed, should there not be a critical journal embodying in a species of fragrant bouquet the flower of thought and emotion springing up in the brains and bosoms of readers responsive to the influence of a new book? Such readers would have only to suppose themselves addressing the author direct, and the thing could be done. It might be done in another way by the author contributing the praises privately sent him. In a time when personal letters to authors are constantly quoted in advertisements, this might not seem so immodest as in some earlier literary condition."

A charming device for circumventing the critic who, let us say, has taken up a definite attitude towards a particular author! He comes out with the usual frigid review, and then the author retorts with the praises from his letter-box. The journal Mr. Howells proposes would have to be voluminous. I imagine that our popular authors, who are not reviewed with enthusiasm, could fill a daily paper with the consolation that reaches them through the post. How the constant readers would pour out their emotions, if they knew that publicity awaited them! What a circulation they would give the paper! It might be called by some attractive title, say *The Golden Trumpet*, with the motto: "All are free to blow." Somebody would suffer by this popularity, of course: the professional reviewers would find their occupation gone, for their opinions would no longer count. Who would care to know what they thought of a novel, when anybody could sit down and write a friendly screed to the novelist with the assurance that he would print it? As an advertising medium, *The Golden Trumpet* ought to be a prodigious success; and for that reason, Mr. Howells may see his idea translated into terms of plain business.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE DICTATOR," AT THE COMEDY.

Never have we had anything on our stage quite so characteristically American in its break-neck, hustling vivacity, in the delightful suddenness of its humour, as the delirious new farce of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's invention which Mr. Frohman has transported, lock, stock, and barrel, from New York's Empire to London's Comedy Theatre. Of a truth, the only fault attributable to "The Dictator" is this, that its best act is not Act III. but Act I.—a fault which last week's first-night audience seemed never to note, for from start to finish of the play it was convulsed in a very ecstasy of laughter. The play's novel feature is not its subject. The fickleness of Spanish-American republics, the comic-operative airs of their quickly changed governors, the ridiculous littleness of their wars and revolutions were laughing-stocks of the play-house as early as the days of the Third Empire; and Mr. Anthony Hope has ere now anticipated Mr. Davis in taxing a wrinkle from Offenbach's librettists. Where the Transatlantic playwright scores is in the feverish pace at which adventures are piled on the back of his runaway hero, who, in dodging the laws of America and assuming the rôle of an American Consul, risks the bullets of a Central American Dictator and the stiletto of a Spanish beauty; and again in the "slickness" with which the play's fantastic characters combine unexpected wit with psychological plausibility. Mr. Davis's interpreters rival his own high spirits, notably Mr. William Collier, a comedian who in the rôle of the hero exhibits the facility of an Arthur Roberts and the imperturbability of a Gillette; and Mr. John Barrymore, whose impersonation of a wireless-telegraphy operator is, in its quiet ease, its calm naturalness, and its dry humour, the most perfect piece of acting America has given us for many a long day.

"MISS WINGROVE," AT THE STRAND.

There are the makings of a very bright and lively entertainment of the musical comedy sort in "Miss Wingrove," a handsomely-dressed two-act play produced at the Strand Theatre last week, of which Mr. W. H. Risque is the librettist, and Mr. Howard Talbot the composer; and after some fifty nights' run, when the comedians have worked up their parts, there seems every likelihood of the new Strand piece rivaling the success of "A Chinese Honeymoon." Its chances are good, in the first place, because it possesses a story—perhaps not too new, perhaps not too coherent—which is allowed to tell itself without too much interruption of irrelevant song and dance; and because, in the next place, its music, while not over-ambitious, is perennially melodious and inspiring. At present the best "turns" of "Miss Wingrove" are a "Pit-a-pat" duet, a really humorous "King Solomon" song, and a pretty trio, entitled "My Lady from Over the Sea."

"THE SILENT WOMAN," AT GREAT QUEEN STREET.

Ben Jonson was too much preoccupied in expressing the particular humours of his time and in setting down a record of its passing manners to reach the essential and the truly human in character, to avoid the ephemeral and the eccentric in drama. His plays, therefore, often present just a group of grotesque Hogarthian figures collected round a central character that is itself the incarnation of a particular humour. In "The Silent Woman," this incarnated humour is a grim creature, one Morose, who has a passion for silence, and is therefore plagued, through the agency of an apparently dumb bride, with a very pandemonium of revelry and noise. It is a fantastic farce, in fact, though well salted with wit, and needs for its interpretation an unflagging spirit of vivacity. Mr. Philip Carr's players of the Mermaid Repertory Theatre do, some of them, at the Great Queen Street revival, catch the mood required, and Mr. George Ingleton is good as Morose, and Messrs. M. Sherbrooke and A. Goodsall act with welcome buoyancy in other parts; but the company as a whole needs to be strung up to proper concert-pitch.

"JASPER BRIGHT," AT THE AVENUE.

The Dutch actor, Mr. Henri de Vries, who made such a marked impression by his "quick change" performance lately in that noteworthy miniature drama, "A Case of Arson," is hardly very happy in either the play or the part in which he is now appearing under his own management at the Avenue Theatre. "Jasper Bright," as adapted from the German by Mr. Arthur Sturges, proves a feeble little comedy of an unsophisticated, sentimental kind, recalling alike in its general scheme and in its characters "Our Boys," but lacking that amiable piece's robust humour. Mr. de Vries does his best with the title-rôle, and is prettily supported by Miss Dora Barton and Miss Dorothy Drake, and it must be the fault of the play, which has no relation whatsoever with the world of reality, that the actor-manager fails to individualise the leading character.

"THE WALLS OF JERICHO," AT THE GARRICK.

It is pleasing to find a respect-worthy play like Mr. Sutro's "Walls of Jericho," which does really concern itself with the serious facts of life, even though they be no more than the frivolity and selfishness of the "smart set," attaining so obvious a degree of popularity as is implied in a run of two hundred performances. And it is no less agreeable to see that our playgoers know how to appreciate brilliant acting of the modern school as exemplified by Miss Violet Vanbrugh. Mr. Bourchier's eloquence admirably masks the play's one point of weakness.

"THE CREOLE," AT THE HAYMARKET.

The general impression left by Mr. Louis Parker's adroit little play, "The Creole," which aims at presenting a picture of the turbulent Bonaparte family quaking under the wrath of the "Man of Destiny," and his refusal to forgive his intriguing, because jealous,

Josephine, is rather that of the prelude of some coming drama than of a drama compact in itself. Still, the device which shows the locked-out wife pleading earnestly behind the closed door, and the whole family appealing to the stern Napoleon till he allows the passionate Creole to burst in in all her radiant beauty, is highly effective, and in the Haymarket, where "The Creole" is now the first piece, Miss Alice Crawford makes a most touching Josephine. But Mr. Cyril Maude, though he is perfectly made up as a thin Napoleon of the pre-Consulate days, and shows a characteristic fretfulness, has not the proper air of authority, and does not suggest by his mien or voice the man's coming greatness.

PARLIAMENT.

The Aliens Bill was read the second time after the defeat of Sir Charles Dilke's amendment by a majority of 152. The amendment urged that no sufficient provision was made in the Bill for ensuring asylum to political refugees. This found no support on the front Opposition Bench, but Mr. Asquith stated that efforts would be made to amend the Bill in Committee. Mr. Sydney Buxton, who represents an East End constituency, declared that the exclusion of undesirable aliens was necessary in the interests of the London poor, whose social and economic state was made worse by the influx of foreigners with a low standard of living.

The refusal of the local authorities of East Ham to administer the Education Act was the subject of an interesting debate on a motion for adjournment supported by the Government. Poverty is the plea in East Ham for closing schools and throwing teachers out of employment. The rates are so high that the municipal body declines the responsibility of increasing them by the cost of the schools. Mr. Balfour maintained that this course was not justifiable, and he pointed out that education in East Ham is far much dearer than at Leeds, and that from sixty to seventy per cent. of the cost is defrayed out of the Imperial Exchequer in the shape of grants.

Mr. George Wyndham made a personal explanation of his retirement from office. He said this was due to misunderstanding, but not to any divergence of views between the Cabinet and himself. He had misunderstood the views of Sir Antony MacDonnell, and had not sufficiently observed the tendency of Lord Dunraven and his associates towards constitutional changes which he (Mr. Wyndham) could not sanction. He was opposed to devolution, but after what had happened he saw no advantage in remaining in office.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman moved a vote of censure on the Irish policy of the Government, and strongly upheld the action of Sir Antony MacDonnell.

ZOOLOGICAL PICTURES IN 200 B.C.

(See Illustrations.)

Not every archaeological description is of such interest to the lay mind as "The Painted Tombs of Marissa," just issued by the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The book derives its chief fascination from the remarkable series of reproductions of zoological designs occurring in the frieze which decorates the finest of the burying-places discovered at Marissa in 1902 and now discussed by the explorers, Dr. J. P. Peters, of New York, and Dr. Hermann Thiersch, of Munich. The scene of their labours, Marissa, the ancient Maréshah, lying between Gath and Ziph, is mentioned in II. Chronicles, xi. 8, as one of the cities fortified by Rehoboam. Shortly after 312 B.C., Marissa became one of the capitals of Idumea. In the struggles following the death of Alexander, it became a bone of contention between the Seleucids and the Ptolemies, and still later it passed under the rule of Antiochus the Great, who gave Palestine back to Egypt as the dowry of his daughter, the wife of Ptolemy. During the century and a quarter that followed, the Ptolemies settled a Sidonian colony in Marissa, and to this period belong the tombs under consideration.

The attention of Dr. Peters and Dr. Thiersch was first drawn to these remains by rumours which reached Jerusalem in June 1902 of a great deal of illicit excavation in the Beit Jibrin district, and of the removal of antiquities for which dealers were said to be willing to pay high prices on the spot. The two scholars accordingly planned an expedition to the place, and a local guide assured them of the presence of very extraordinary remains. They were, from old experience, very sceptical, and, as the hour of their arrival was late, were with difficulty persuaded to view the tomb which was said to be the most remarkable. One of them, however, consented to descend, and saw enough on a brief examination to convince him that here was the most wonderful sepulchre ever discovered in Palestine. This, the oldest of the group of four burying-places, is remarkable chiefly for its marvellous painted frieze of zoological designs, many of which we are permitted to reproduce on another page. A great deal of the effect is necessarily lost in black-and-white engraving, but the admirable effect of the colour-scheme has been preserved in the plates with which the volume is illustrated, thanks to the skill of three Dominicans, the Rev. Fathers Lagrange, Vincent, and Savignac, who sketched the whole series of paintings in water-colour. As soon as the value of the discovery was realised the tombs were placed under Government protection, and the remains were rescued from Vandalism. They had, however, already suffered irreparable damage, chiefly from the pious zeal of a neighbouring sheikh, who, on seeing the presentations of the human face in the fine hunting scene, at once mutilated the figures, exclaiming that they were "haram," forbidden by Moslem law. It is singularly ironical that this, the finest of all the groups, should have survived intact for more than two thousand years only to be defaced at the moment

of discovery by mere casual fanaticism. The tombs contained, besides the paintings, many curious inscriptions of various periods illustrating the conflict of Hellenic and Semitic thought. The explorer's critical examination of the subject has been edited with scholarly care by Mr. Stanley A. Cook, of Gonville and Caius College.

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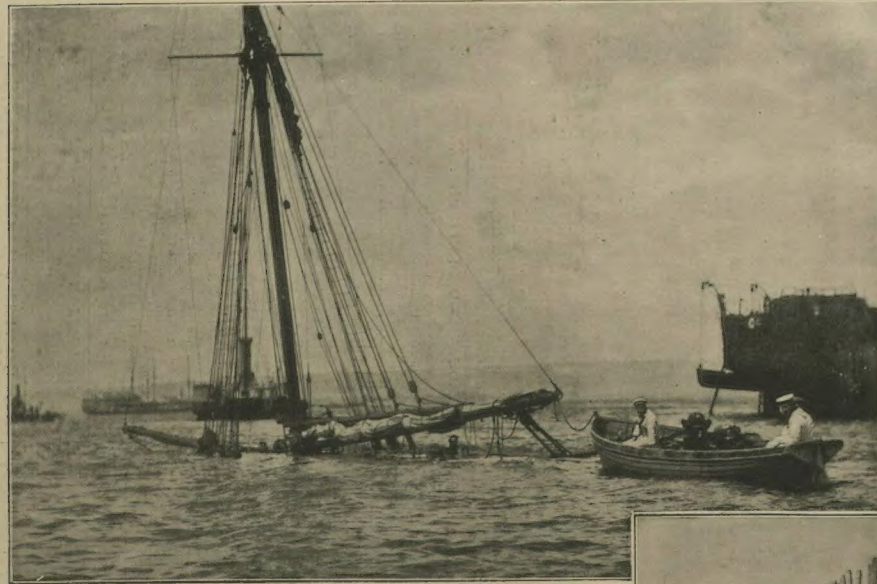
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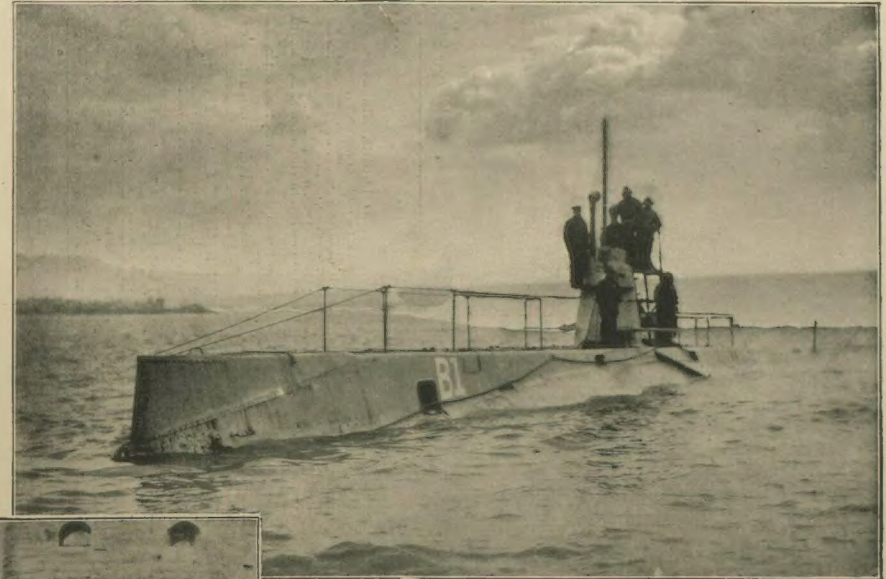
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

THE SUBMARINE CASUALTY AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ANCIENT METHOD OF BOOM-DEFENCE AT PORTSMOUTH.

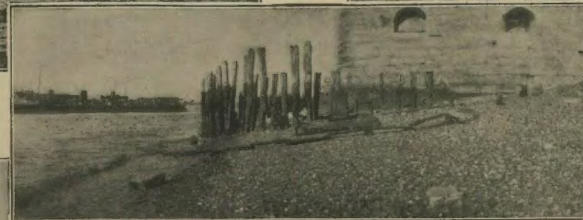
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB.



BARGE SUNK BY SUBMARINE "B1": BLUEJACKETS STANDING BY WITH PUMPING-GEAR.

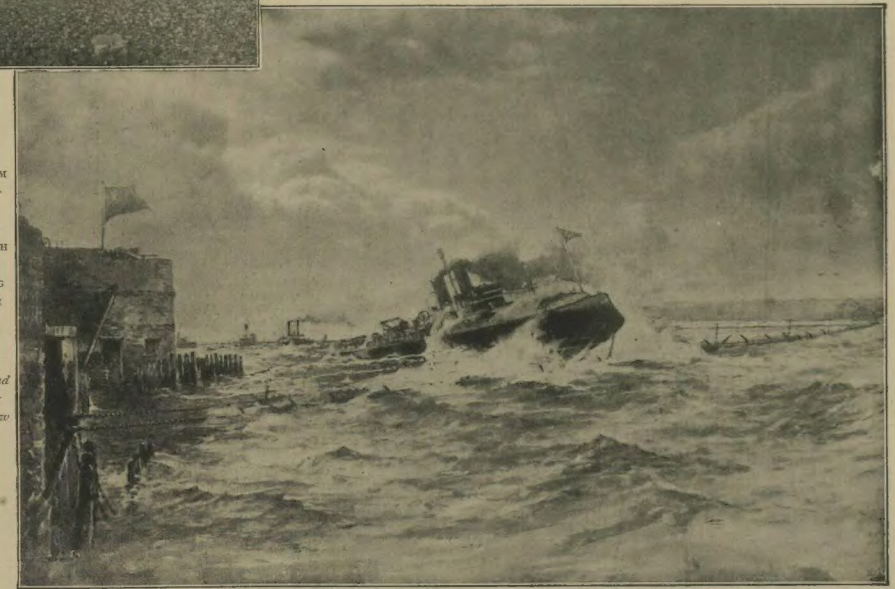


THE SUBMARINE THAT SUNK THE BARGE: "B1" GOING OUT FOR TRIALS.



THE EXPERIMENTS IN SEALING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR: THE NEW CHAINS IN THE FOREGROUND.

HISTORY
REPEATS
ITSELF:
THE OLD
CHAIN BOOM
OF THREE-
FOOT
LINKS AT
PORTSMOUTH
STILL
REMAINING
FROM THE
TIME OF
HENRY
VIII.
Just beyond
the tower
are the new
chains.

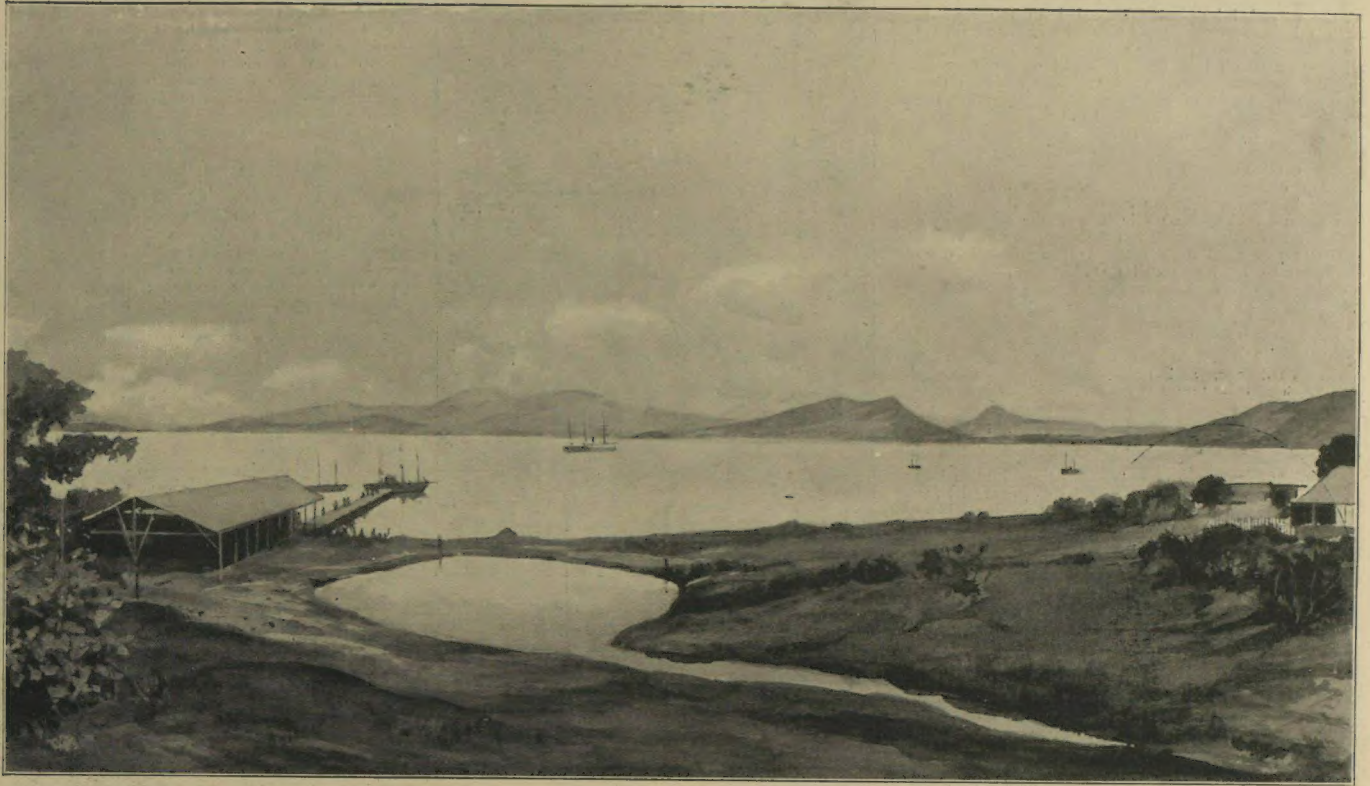


The Round Tower. Chains.

Logs of Timber with Spikes and Chains. Port Blockhouse, Gosport.

IMPALED ON THE BOOM: THE LIKELY FATE OF A HOSTILE TORPEDO-BOAT ATTEMPTING TO ENTER THE SEALED HARBOUR.

On May 8, when the submarine "B 1," which belongs to the new large type with a high freeboard and ram, was coming down Portsmouth Harbour at a speed of nine knots, she ran into and sank a barge which was hidden by the hull of the cruiser "Mercury." One of the barge's crew was slightly injured; but the submarine was damaged only in her torpedo-tube. "B 1" belongs to a fleet of five vessels for the defence of Portsmouth. Experiments in a development of the ancient method of harbour defence by chained booms were fixed for May 11 at Portsmouth. Since the time of Henry VIII. such a boom has existed at our principal naval stations, and near it (in the position indicated above) has been stretched a very much heavier barrier, consisting also of chains, and fitted with heavy logs and spikes that would rip up any vessel trying to enter, as shown in the last of our pictures.



THE ANCHORAGE THAT THREATENED THE FRIENDLY RELATIONS OF JAPAN, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND: KAMRANH BAY, THE FRENCH PORT WHERE THE BALTIC FLEET HALTED.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE EXPRESS-PHOTO-REPORTAGE.

During the past few days the Kamranh Bay incident has led to acute feeling in Japan, owing to the publication of a suppressed dispatch, which alleged that the French officials had been fully cognisant of the help which Rozhdestvensky's squadron obtained in French waters, and that the operations had been superintended by the Russian Commander of the interned cruiser "Diana." The Japanese Press called on Britain to interfere, and diplomatic protests from Japan to the French Government led to a request from France that Russia would no longer use her ports.



THE KAISER'S HEIR AND BRITISH SPORT: THE CROWN PRINCE, WITH HIS CAMERA, AT A FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN BRITISH AND GERMAN TEAMS FOR A CUP PRESENTED BY HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

The German Crown Prince, who is greatly interested in sport of all kinds, was present recently at a football match at the Tempelhof, Berlin, between the London Civil Service Club and the Berlin champion Club Germania. The Prince took photographs of the game, which was hotly contested, and resulted in a victory for the Germans by three goals to two.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

JAPAN AND FRANCE.

There has been little diminution during the last few days in the irritation felt by Japan at the extended hospitality accorded to the Russian fleet in French ports. On Monday the *Times* published from the representative of a news agency at Saigon a dispatch which had been withheld on April 30 by the French authorities. This message asserted that immense quantities of coal and other stores for the Baltic Fleet had been accumulated at Saigon with the full knowledge of the French authorities, and that the fleet was re-provisioned under the personal direction of Prince Lieven, the commander of the Russian cruiser *Diana*, now interned at Saigon. It was further stated that the French Admiral Jonquières was present during the whole time of the provisioning of the fleet at Kamranh. Even the soberest newspapers in Tokio expressed deep resentment against France, and went so far as to call upon England to prevent such incidents as those under which Japan is now smarting. The publication of the suppressed dispatch gave the *Times* a text for a weighty leader, in which that journal asked the French what would be their own feelings and their own language in similar conditions, and pointed out that this was yet another opportunity for M. Delcassé's statesmanship to triumph. On the following day it was announced that France had requested that the Russians would not continue to use French territorial waters as a base of operations, but this was qualified by a semi-official note justifying in somewhat vague terms the action of French colonial officials. On these excuses, however, there is no doubt that Japan, who is sincerely desirous to prevent the extension of hostilities, will put the most generous interpretation. But France, in turn, must redouble the vigilance she professes.



Photo. Rosemont, Leeds.

THE LATE SIR JOHN BARRAN, BART.,
MERCHANT-PRINCE OF LEEDS.AN UNOFFICIAL
PARLIAMENT.

The Zemsky Congress has held a week of sittings in Moscow under the presidency of Count Heyden, and has settled, with a view to a future programme, that the suffrage shall be universal and direct, and that two Chambers shall share the legislative power. The last decision was arrived at mainly under the consideration that Russia when she ceases to be an autocracy would inevitably become a Federal State, and that autonomous sections of the Union, such as Poland and Finland, ought to be represented in the Central Government. It is believed that the two-Chamber system, with one House entirely free from centrifugal influences, would prevent the dominance of any one powerful, compact party that might seek to prevent the countries being governed by Russians. A second Chamber, it is believed, would be necessary for securing union amid multiplicity, and for bestowing upon the Federal State a voice in the ordering of an affair common to all. On the eve of the last sitting, an English and a German journalist were admitted, and listened to the most interesting speech delivered by M. Roditcheff, one of the foremost Liberal leaders, who was banished last year to the Arctic regions, and who has been

PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS AT HOME: THE APPARATUS
WITH WHICH OUR PICTURES WERE TAKEN.STEREOPHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON
AND NEW YORK.

(See Explanatory Article.)

persecuted ever since the present Tsar came to the throne. He indulged in some very acid criticisms of M. Bouleguine's project of a Representative Assembly.



Photo. Parsons.

£30,000 FOR A RACEHORSE: CYLLENE, SIRE OF THE
DERBY FAVOURITE, CICERO.

Cyllene was sold this week for £30,000 by Mr. C. D. Rose, M.P., to Mr. W. Bass. It was at first stated erroneously that the King was the purchaser.

PHOTOGRAPHING
BIRDS AT HOME.

On this page we illustrate the apparatus with which Mr. W. Westrop took the series of pictures of bird-life which appear in this number. The photograph shows the camera on a telescopic ladder in position to photograph a nest in the upper branches of an apple-tree. The picture also shows all that is required for bird-photography, with the exception of a 21-rung light ladder for use amongst the branches of trees. On the extreme right of the photograph is the dummy camera (an old box covered with cloth on a jointed rod), the large mirror in the centre of the picture is used for throwing light on the small mirror, which in its turn focuses the rays on to the nest. The small mirror is mounted on a jointed rod with a universal head. Under the tree is the small tent, and connecting the tent with the camera is the fifty-foot rubber tube which works the shutter. A second camera is shown which is useful for photographing nests within easy reach. Mr. Westrop had tried a silent shutter, but the rasping and scraping of setting it frightened the birds more than the slight and sudden click of the Thornton-Pickard.

OUR PORTRAITS.

By the death of Sir John Barran, Bart., on the third of the month, Leeds lost one of its most distinguished citizens, a merchant-prince, one of those captains of industry who, fated to start life at the lowest rung of the ladder, contrive to climb to a very considerable height. The son of a London gunmaker, he migrated to Leeds when quite a youth, and succeeded in converting a petty shop into a great wholesale clothing establishment. Fortune first came to him with the invention of the sewing-machine, for he was one of the first to recognise its possibilities as a time-saving and thus money-making business-assistant. His city was not slow to recognise his ability, and at various times he served it as Chief Magistrate, President of the Chamber of Commerce, and M.P. In the latter capacity his support of the Liberal party gained him the baronetcy to which his eldest grandson, John Nicholson Barran, now succeeds. On his retirement from his second term of service as Mayor, his fellow-citizens wished to erect a statue of him, and, indeed, raised the money for the purpose; but this he declined: later, however, he accepted a service of plate. He was for many years a Governor of the Yorkshire College, and he was also much interested in the founding of the University of Leeds.

The Rev. John Henry Jowett, Minister of Carr's Lane Meeting House, Birmingham, owes the honour of

his election to the chairmanship of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, in succession to the Rev. Dr. P. T. Forsyth, Principal of Hackney College, to a great deal of valuable work crowded into a comparatively short time. Both at Newcastle, where he was given his first ministerial charge at St. James's Congregational Church in 1889, and at Birmingham, to which he accepted a call in 1895, he has earned considerable reputation as a thoughtful and powerful preacher. He was born at Halifax in 1864.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

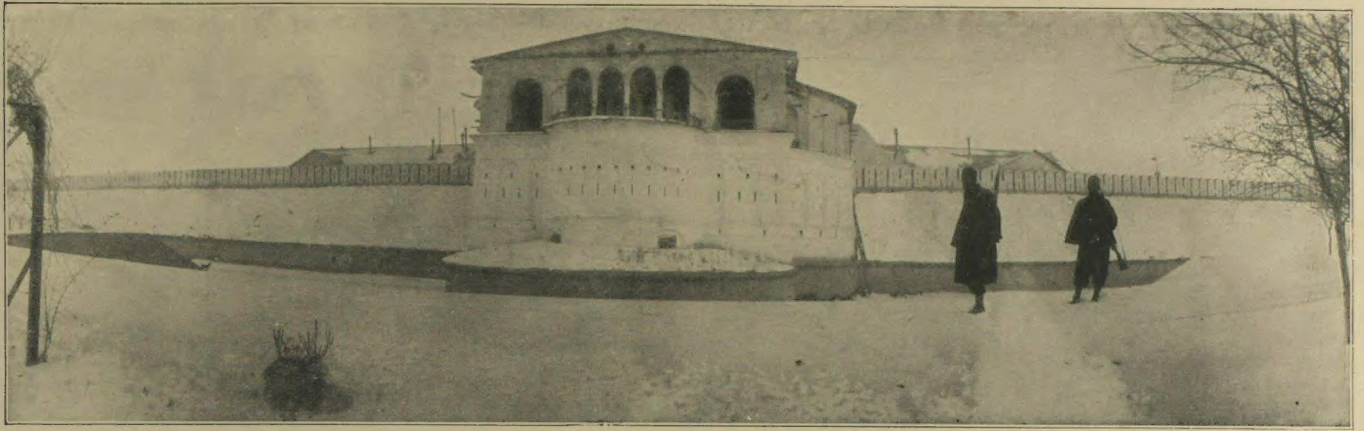
THE REV. J. H. JOWETT,
NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION.A MIMIC RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT KING'S CROSS: PRACTICAL AMBULANCE-WORK
IN THE COMPETITION FOR THE OSBORN CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The precise part of the competition here illustrated is the test in skill in putting the wounded on board the ambulance-train, here represented by a line of carriages. The supposed wounded strewn about the line and decorated with improvised bandages lent the scene an extremely realistic effect. The shield, presented by Chief Surgeon Osborn, was won by the North London Railway team.

MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFT OF AN EXTINCT MONSTER TO SOUTH KENSINGTON:
THE DIPLODOCUS CARNEGII.

The huge fossil skeleton of the diplodocus, unearthed at Bone Cabin Quarry in Wyoming, and illustrated by us some time ago, has been presented to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. The huge skeleton, 80 feet long, was formally handed over to the Museum in the Reptile Gallery on May 12.

SECURING OUR INDIAN FRONTIER: THE BRITISH MISSION TO KABUL, AND THE CONCLUSION OF THE RECENT TREATY WITH THE AMIR.



WHERE THE TREATY WAS SIGNED: THE BASTION OF THE ARK PALACE, THE SCENE OF THE SIGNATURE OF THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN BRITAIN AND AFGHANISTAN.



AN UP-TO-DATE GIFT TO THE UP-TO-DATE AMIR: THE MOTOR-CAR PRESENTED TO HIS HIGHNESS BY THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

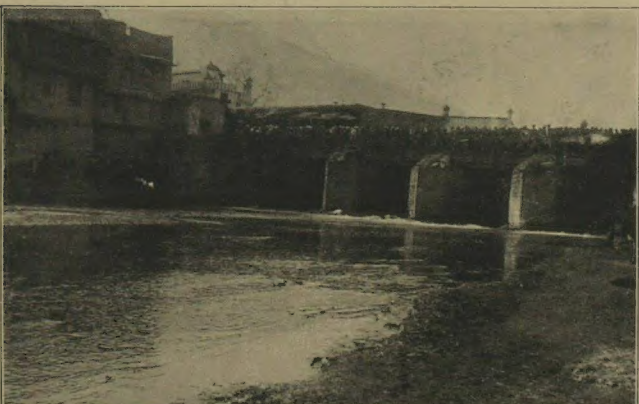
The motor-car in the first of these two pictures was photographed at the door of the guest-house. The car did not go to Kabul by its own motive-power, but had to submit to the comparative humiliation of being drawn by bullocks. The Amir is a great motoring enthusiast.



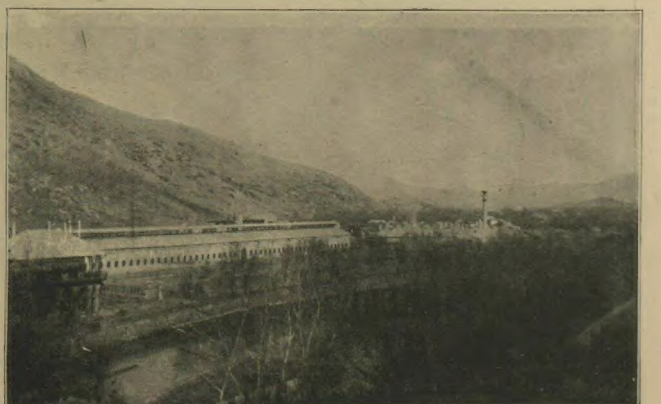
A BULLOCK-DRAWN MOTOR: THE CAR FOR THE AMIR ON ITS WAY TO KABUL.



THE RECREATIONS OF THE MISSION: MR. DANE, THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER, ON THE IMPROVED SKATING-RINK AT THE GUEST-HOUSE, KABUL.



AFGHAN PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE MISSION: A NATIVE CROWD ON THE PULI KISHTA BRIDGE AT KABUL WATCHING THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVES.



THE PROGRESSIVE AMIR'S ARSENAL: NEW ADDITIONS TO THE WORKSHOPS AT KABUL.

The last of these photographs is of particular interest in view of the Supplement we lately published giving an account of the Amir's enthusiasm for the manufacture of modern weapons. His workshops are under the superintendence of a British engineer, and the Amir himself personally tests the arms turned out.

SECURING THE BUFFER STATE BETWEEN INDIA AND RUSSIA: OUR RECENT KABUL MISSION.

DRAWN BY S. BEGO FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A MEMBER OF THE MISSION, WHO ALSO SUPPLIED THOSE ON ANOTHER PAGE.



1. REPRESENTATIVES OF TWO POWERS: INTERVIEW BETWEEN ISAYATULLA KHAN AND THE BRITISH MISSION TEN MILES OUTSIDE KABUL.

2. A STATE ESCORT FOR THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVES: THE MISSION DRIVING TO A DURBAR ATTENDED BY THE AMIR'S HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY.

3. PART OF THE BULWARK OF AFGHANISTAN AND INDIA: ONE OF THE AMIR'S REGIMENTS DRILLING ON THE WALL OUTSIDE THE ARK PALACE, WHERE THE TREATY WAS SIGNED.

4. A DIPLOMATIC PROCESSION: THE MISSION LEAVING LUNDI-KHAMA.

THE WIDOW MEIGHAN'S CASSIMEER SHAWL.

By SEUMAS MACMANUS.



Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

FATHER PAT, when he was admiring it, called it, I believe, a Cashmere shawl; but as Widow Meighan owned it, she had the best right to know; and she called it a Cassimeer.

There isn't any mistake about it, it was a delight of a shawl; and every woman from the top of the parish to the foot of it consented as much when they rolled their eyes and wished to Heaven that Providence had sent them such another.

But it wasn't Providence who sent it to Mrs. Meighan at all at all. It was Partholan McCue who fetched it home from America to her, a present from her daughter Annie in Philadelphia; for poor Annie, God bless her, never forgot little kindnesses to the mother who reared her. Many's the pound note she sent home to the mother out of her little earnings from the stranger.

Mrs. Meighan, when she got this present, was as happy as a mavis in May and as proud as a lord's lady. Half of the parish thronged to see the shawl, and Mrs. Meighan herself carried it to the other half; and the poor woman near lost her sleep over it.

She was mortal fond of gossip and going about, anyhow, was the Widow Meighan.

But she usually did her visitin' in raison and in saison—till the Cassimeer came. Then her visitin', as ye may well suppose, knew neither saison nor raison. And when her one son Dinny, who remained at home with her, working the wee farm and holding the roof over them both, would come in from the Nor'-aist Park at dinner-time, ravenous with the fair dint of the hunger, and find the hearth black, and hear that his mother was doin' padrole with her Cassimeer in the upper end of the parish, Dinny, poor boy, began to suspicion that the same Cassimeer was going to be a sore trial to his temper; and he wished in his heart that it was an arm-chair poor Annie had sent his mother.

"I wish to goodness," Dinny said, "there would come a daicent thief into the country."

"Musha, for what, Dinny!" said his mother.

"Just, mother," says Dinny, "that he might steal your Cassimeer shawl."

"Arrah, Dinny boy, but it's the bad heart ye have."

"If you, mother," says Dinny, says he, "come in from a hard mornin's work behind a spade, and the stomach of ye cryin' for its dinner, and that ye found neither trace nor track of dinner afore ye, but found me who should have it waiting, piping hot for ye, gone stravaguin' off to the other end of the parish to show the neighbours a new pair of Cassimeer trousers (suppose) that my sister Annie had sent me, a present from the States—I'm thinkin' your heart would take sides with your stomach, and not wish very well to my Cassimeer breeches. . . . I wish to goodness, mother, it was a pot and pot-stick Annie had sent ye home."

And the widow would shake her head, and turn up her eyes at this, and say, "Well, may the Lord forgive ye, Dinny Meighan, for throwin' slights on my beautiful Cassimeer shawl, like that!"

And Dinny 'ud reply, "Well, mother, if I never have to ask the Lord's forgiveness for greater, I'll not trimble much when I'm awaitin' on" (about to die).

The first day poor Dinny lost his dinner over the Cassimeer, he didn't take it so badly at all in his heart. Nor the second day, nor third day either. But when he met with the same trial five times inside of one week, faith! Dinny got rumbunctious. He very well thought that it was fitter for his mother to be bendin' over the dinner-pot than padrollin' the parish with the bottom of the trunk on her back; he relieved his mind to her in a kindly way—for Dinny Meighan was never the boy to turn the ill word on his own mother—but very seriously; for he was determined that, Cassimeer or no Cassimeer, he

wasn't to be done out of his dinner for the time to come. "For I used to admire and think it a handsome shawl when it come first, mother. But I now see that the beauty a man sees in a thing depends entirely on the state of his stomach. Every time, now, that I miss another dinner over it, that shawl is getting to look more and more like a badly patched pratie-bag."

And "Dinny, Dinny!" says she, "are ye not afeerd of a judgment fallin' from Heaven on ye—to talk that way of my grand Cassimeer?"

"I'm afeerd only," says Dinny back to her—"afeerd only, mother, that I should apologise to the pratie-bag. It brings me a dinner; and the Cassimeer loses me one. And I'm afeerd, moreover, mother darlin', that if ye don't hide the same Cassimeer under the lowermost article in the clothes-chest, and then put a good strong padlock on the chest, I'll be tempted to do something desperate to it." It's in a fright of a temper Dinny, the soul, was: and, indeed, small wonder for that.

And whenever Dinny got warm like this, the Widow Meighan always found it a good plan to either coax him to go out up the hill and let the temper blow off him, or else to go out herself, and remain without till the boy would have simmered down. And this time she said, says she, "Well, Dinny a bhuachaill,

listen from behind the doore, you're labourin' under a very great mistake entirely, let me tell you. If you want anywan to tell lies for ye, mother, just stay out here and tell them yourself."

"Do as your mother tells ye, Dinny," was all she said, and stepped in behind the room-door, and closed it. But she opened it again to put out her head, and call under her breath, "And, Dinny, hang up that Cassimeer where that woman 'ill be sure to see it."

In faith, it was small enough was the likin' even Dinny had ever for his father's Cousin Bid, and it was less still was his likin' for her since, on the Candlemas twelvemonth afore, she had carried her ill-heart and bad tongue over to Derryalt, where he was coortin', and set purty wee Mary Kennedy's people again' him. And he then promised if it should ever come his way to do his father's Cousin Bid an ill turn, he'd think three times afore he'd allow his conscience to hold him.

When his father's Cousin Bid stepped over the threshold, with a wee bunch of greeneries atween her fingers and a ready "God save all here!" on her tongue, Dinny, who was sittin' by the fire with his back to the door, just turned his head slow, and he looked her up and down, and then give her a nod. He pointed to a chair, without puttin' a move out of himself, and Bid, a good bit mystified, went and sat down on it.

And Dinny begun lookin' into the fire.

"Maise, Dinny," says she, "what's makin' you look so mortal glum? or what's the matter with ye, at all at all?"

Then Dinny turned his eyes again on her, and he says sorrowfully—

"Bridget Managhan, ye ought to feel sore ashamed of yerself."

"And for why, Dinny Meighan?" says Bid, says she, bridling.

"Bridget Managhan," says Dinny, says he, reproachfully, "ye add insult to injury."

Bid was both mixed and mystified. Says she—

"For goodness' sake, Dinny Meighan, tell me what are ye drivin' at, anyhow?"

Dinny put up one hand to one eye and, as it seemed to the consternated Bid, rubbed away a tear; and he then put up another hand to the other eye, and rubbed away another tear.

"Bridget Managhan," says he, then,

turnin' hurtin' eyes on her—"Bridget Managhan," says he, "ye never came anear either the wake or the funeral; and you're the last in the worl' I would have expected such a slight from. I say ye ought to feel sore ashamed of yerself."

"The wake!" says Bid, all open-mouthed. "And the funeral!" says she, with the eyes of her startin'.

"The wake," says Dinny, says he, solemn, "and the funeral—never came anear one or the other of them, and never sent as much as a message. I say, how can ye show your face in this house—and not a blush on it either?"

"For the Lord's sake, Dinny Meighan," says Bridget, says she, "will ye tell me at oncet what wake ye're talkin' of, and what funeral?"

Poor Dinny looked into the fire, and says he, with a blurt, "me poor mother's wake, of course, and funeral—may God be merciful to her sowl! for it's she was the good mother to me, anyhow—barrin' at times."

"Dinny, Dinny Meighan, a mhuic," says she, all alarmed, "ye don't raily mean to tell me that your mother's dead?"

"Aye, dead, poor woman," says Dinny, says he, wipin' his eyes with both his sleeves—"dead, and the green quilt over her. Don't try for to tell me, Bridget Managhan," says he, "that ye didn't hear it and know all about it. Don't try for to tell me suchan a story—for I'll not take it in."

"God rest her, poor woman!" says Bid first. And then says she: "Dinny Meighan, may I never move from the ground I'm sittin' on, or never ate the bread



Starin' at the vision afore her.

ye're past yourself just now, and so I'm steppin' without, till you go past the boil."

But the widow hadn't reached the door when she halted up sudden, and she says all in a fright: "In the name of Peter, Dinny my heart, who do you think is crossin' Nell Dinneen's mearin' below?"

"I don't know, mother," says Dinny, says he, shortly enough, "nor what's more—not giving you a short answer—do I care."

The widow was too hurried to mind Dinny's shortness. Says she: "Of all the unwelcome women this side of Kingdom-come, it's no other than your poor father—may God be merciful to him!—your poor father's Cousin Bid from the Oileigh parish. She has trolloped over ten miles of country this morning, and is making, sure enough, for the Dhrimholme parish, on a visit to her Uncle Andy. Dinny a chara, I'll close meself into the room here, and you'll say I'm gone over to help to lay out Peggy Carney, of the Altbeag, that died this morning. I would as soon meet the scarlet faiver as your father's Cousin Bid, for she's an ill-tongued, ill-hearted, bitter pill of a woman—and it goes sore against the grain of me to have to show her the fair face, as I always do; and though she shows me the fair face, too, I always feel that she's cuttin' me throat inside her heart, while she's speakin' me smooth and sweet. I'll just step inside the room-door here till she's gone again."

"Mother," says Dinny, says he, "if it's your notion that I'm goin' to sin me sowl tellin' lies for you to my father's Cousin Bid, or to anywan else, while you

of corn again, if I'm not now in the first place I ever heard tale, tidin', whisper, or breath of your poor mother's daith."

"Och, och!" says Dinny, says he, as busy as he could be with the troubles of his own mind.

"God help ye and support ye in your trouble, poor sowl!" says she. "I know," says she, "for I heard it from my Uncle Andy at the fair of the Purt (last Chewsday was a month) that your poor mother was complainin' a bit; but a word further I never heard. Meself thought it was only the oul' complaint of the win' about the heart was troublin' her, and that she'd work it off in a couple of days. What was it took her?"

"Oh, just the win' about the heart—her oul' complaint. It struck her first (this last time) of a Chewsday night, just as she was milkin' the brannet cow. Meself give her a hot drink with plenty of pepper in it, and put her to bed, thinkin' she would be well again, and as sound as a bell, in the mornin'. But *faroi!* she never, poor woman, knew what it was to be well again. It was worse she was, instead of better, in the mornin'. The win' was all round her heart; she could feel it rollin' and rollin' about like a large pattatie; and it gathered and gathered till it was the size of your head afore the night come; and next mornin' it was the size of a hand-shaking of hay; and from that on we knew there wasn't any hope for her. We did all we could, and Molly Carribin of Kilrairie tried five cures on her; but it was only worse she got. Father Pat, God bless him, we had to rouse him out of his bed in the middle of the night, a Saturday night, and he come and give her the last rites, and bid her Godspeed on the big journey she was goin' to undertake. And in the early hours of Sunday mornin', just near about the screech o' day, she—she"—poor Dinny, he broke down here and blubbered—"she bid me good-bye, and asked for God to b-bless me and watch over me; and—and—then she w-went away with herself. Booh-hooh!" And poor Dinny, the soul, blurted and cried.

"*Maise*, Dinny," says Bid, says she; "poor sowl, I'm sorry for my heart for your trouble! And to think that I should never have heard one word of it."

"It was a splendid wake," says Dinny, says he, more cheerily and proud-like, "a splendid wake and a grand funeral. At the wake the house was filled to the doores; and at the funeral there was half a mile of ground, and ye couldn't drop a pin on it but it would fall on someone's head."

"A proud day for ye, Dinny," says Bid.

"Yes," says Dinny. "But that isn't what I have wanted to tell ye. . . . Are ye listenin' to me, Bid Managhan?"

"I'm listenin' as hard as I can," says Bid, says she, leavin' forrid.

"My mother, my poor mother (may Heaven be her bed!), she—she—well, everyone knows she had a bit of a temper of her own!"

Bid Managhan she gave a snort at this, and then she took a snuff out of the snuff-box. And then, says she, "There's few 'ud deny that."

"A temper she had," says Dinny, says he, "and a tongue."

"And a tongue—yes," says Bid, says she, clickin' down the lid on her snuff-box with venom. "Did I hear any noise in that room below?" says she then, hasty, and lookin' hard at the closed room-door. And sure enough there had come from the room something strangely like a "Hagh!" comin' out from atween clenched teeth.

"Maybe, indeed, ye did," says Dinny, says he, and he not one bit discommoded, "for me poor calf, poor thing, got the elf-shot the day afore yesterday, and for heat's sake and comfort, I took it and put it into the room; and it breathes hard sometimes. . . . But as I was sayin'," says he, "though the poor woman is now dead, and we should maybe leave her wee faults in the grave with her. . . . That calf is breathin' hard; it's a painful complaint is the elf-shot. . . . leave her wee faults in the grave with her," says he; "still we can't deny at all at all that she had her little share of faults, like the rest of us—and maybe a thrille more."

"Aye, and maybe a thrille more," says Bid, says she, with great satisfaction entirely, near almost smackin' her lips over it.

"The poor woman's dead and gone," says Dinny, "and only for that I might go further—though I am her own son—and say that she might ailsly ha' been a better-hearted and candider friend to some people—yourself for one," says he.

Bid, she felt mightily encouraged by the tone of Dinny's remarks. She gave another snort. "The poor woman's dead, and gone to her reckonin'," says she; "and only for that I might go further and say that she was as bitter-tongued and ill-hearted a woman as ever stepped in shoe-leather, and—"

"Go on," says Dinny, says he. "Don't mind; it's that calf."

"And only she's dead and gone," says she, "and I hope got forgiveness from the Lord—only for that," says she, "I would say of her that I'd prefer gettin' a process any day to meetin' her. For, though I knew she would cut my throat, if she could, with one smile, myself had to meet her with a fair face and smile back at her. . . . That calf of yours must be in sore trouble, Dinny. . . . And now there's the solemn sacred truth to ye. And only the poor woman's dead and gone—and forgiven, I hope—I could say all that of her—and more. And more."

"I know it," says Dinny, shaking his head sorrowful-like. "I know it," says he. "Sure, I only know it too well—to me own pain. But you'll be rejoiced in the inside of your heart, Bid Managhan, to hear what's the news I have for ye, and that I've been comin' to. My mother, poor woman, had her eyes opened to her little faults afore she died," says he.

"Indeed!" says Bid, says she, surprised.

"Indeed," says Dinny. "More especially had she her eyes opened—by some stroke of grace—to her onchristian traitment of you, and . . . Bad snuff to

that calf, but it's unmannerly. . . . and, I say, died repentant, and prayin' to have your forgiveness."

Says Bid, triumphant, "I'm a delighted woman to hear it. And—and—I suppose I must grant forgiveness to her—as she's dead," says she.

"It's good of ye—troth, it's good of ye, Bid," says Dinny, says he; "and myself told her to die comforted, for that Bid Managhan was always a generous woman and a forgivin' one."

Bid just lowered her head to this.

"And Bid," says Dinny, "me poor mother considered she owed ye restitution for all the ill things she ever said of ye behind your back," says he.

"I'm glad to hear that the poor woman got into a Christian state of mind—even on her death-bed," says Bid, says she.

Dinny got up, and went over to the dresser; and stooping under it, he drew out a pair of grand new spring-side boots that Micky Gallagher the shoemaker had only fetched home the night afore; and he fetched them over and left them down at Bid Managhan's feet.

"She said," said he, as he left them down, "'It is my daith-bed desire that my husband's Cousin Bid from the Oiliegh parish should get my pair of new boots in part token of restitution for wrongs done her.' So, Bid, there ye are," says he.

Poor Bid she opened her eyes with wonder and delight, and says she, "Well, may God grant speedy forgiveness to the poor woman, and bring her straight to Heaven without e'er a look-in upon Purgatory good or bad," says the delighted girl. "I think," says she, beginnin' without any more delay to take off her the boots she had on her—"I think," says she, "as these ould boots I have on me aren't hardly daicent enough to go visitin' at my Uncle Andy's in, I think I'll just put these new ones on me—"

"Bad snuff, say I again, to that calf. Yis, surely, Bid, wear them on ye to your Uncle Andy's," says Dinny, says he.

"Just see to that now, how perfect they fit me," says Bid, says she, steppin' out in them across the floor, and tryin' to see them herself and to show them to Dinny at the same time. "They lie like a pair of gloves, Dinny," says she.

"One 'ud think," says Dinny, "that Micky Gallagher used your own foot for a last," says he.

"It's prayin' for your kind mother's sowl I'll be," says she, "every time ever I put out my foot in them."

"Thanky, Bid; thanky," says Dinny. "She'll be watchin' ye, and hearin' to ye out of Heaven; and it's herself 'ill be the delighted woman to see that the brogues is so nate to your feet."

"May the delights of Heaven be with her always," says Bid from the depths of her heart. "If there's wan woman more nor another who deserved Heaven, for her right-livin' ways, and her good and charitable heart, myself doesn't know who that woman was, if it wasn't your mother," says she. "And," says she, "Dinny, I'd advise ye to look after that calf, for it's sufferin' sore. Did ye hear that groan out of it?" says she.

"Thanky, thanky kindly, Bid, for your nice words. Och! yes, I'm goin' to doctor the calf; I sent wee Johnnie Eamon over the hill an hour ago for Neddy Pat Ward, the cow-doctor. He'll soon be here, and he'll leave the calf better than new again," says he.

"I'm intendin'," says Bid, says she, "to call round by the graveyard, and say the rosary over your poor mother. God rest the good woman! Dinny a *bhuachail*, did ye ever in all your born days see a better fit anyhow?" And Bid was walkin' the floor and holdin' up her skirts.

"One would think they grew on your feet, Bid," says Dinny. "But that isn't all. My poor mother said, moreover, 'It is my last desire and request that my late husband's cousin, Bid Managhan, should, as a slight token of restitution for the evil I have wrongfully done her in my heart, have my best new linsey-woolsey skirt which hangs in the corner, over the out-shot bed, and accordin'ly,'" says Dinny—he getting up and stretching to the corner over the out-shot bed, and reaching down his mother's lovely brown linsey-woolsey skirt to the astonished Bid—"Just slip it on ye over your own skirt, Bid," says he; "it'll be the handiest way of carryin' it."

Poor Bid. She couldn't speak for a full minute with the downright dint of the astonishment, only just hold out the skirt in her hand, as far away from her as she could, and gaze at it.

And when she come to her speeches, "*Maise*, may all the angels and saints and holy patriots," says she, "unite together in carryin' your poor blessed and pious mother, body and sowl, str'ight to the heaven's hall-door!"

"Bad snuff say I again to that calf," says Dinny, says he, "with his groanin' and gruntin' there; he has no more manners nor breedin' than if he never was brought up about a Christian house."

"Restitution!" says Bid, says she, "for evil done me in her heart! It was surely the ravin' of daith that must 'a' been on the poor woman, for after all the pious and heavenly thoughts with which the poor bliss'd woman's heart was crivanned, there wasn't room for a midge to wink one of its eyes. Restitution, *inagh!*"

"Oh, she wasn't by any means a bad-hearted woman, me mother," says Dinny modestly; "nor, though I say it who maybe shouldn't, was she a woman that was ever given to an ill-tongue or ill-temper, or to thinkin' bad of any mortal under the sun," says he.

"Ill-tongue or ill-temper!" says Bid with hot indignation as she stood in the middle of the floor and slipped the linsey-woolsey over her head; "I would just like to see the individual who'd *even* to your saintly sowed mother, ill-tongue, ill-thought, or ill-temper. I'd like, I say, to see that individual—that impudent and lying individual!" says Bid, shaking her fist at the air and grindin' her teeth. "Dinny,"

says she, "I'll be steppin' on for Uncle Andy's. I'll look a whole swell in such a skirt and boots. Uncle Andy's people 'ill not know me at all at all. I'm goin' to call round by the graveyard, Dinny, to say two rosaries for the repose of your bliss'd mother's sowl."

"I'll be for ever thankful to ye," says Dinny, says he.

"Don't say thanks, Dinny," says Bid, says she, solemn, "if ye don't want to insult me."

"And as for me poor mother lookin' down at ye from the threshol of heaven, she'll pour blissin's back upon ye till ye're soaked to the skin with them and wade home wetshod. But, Bid, through me poor departed mother's grace, ye're goin' to be a still bigger swell yet, afore ye start for your Uncle Andy's."

"What!" says Bid, says she. "Ye don't surely mane for to say—"

"I mane," says Dinny, says he. "for to say nothing only this—me poor mother, God rest her—"

"Amen, amen, with all my heart and sowl," says Bid.

"—Says," says Dinny, "'Likewise, to my late husband's dearly beloved cousin, and my good and sincere friend, Bridget Managhan of the Oiliegh, I do hereby give, laive, and bequith my bee-utiful Cassimeer shawl,'"

There suddenly come a groan from the room at this that made Bid Managhan start in the sait she sat upon.

"God help us, and His blissin' be about us all, day and night," says Bid, says she, cuttin' the sign of the Cross; "but doesn't that poor ill baste in the room below groan like a human. Dinny, what room did yer poor mother die in?"

"In that same room," says Dinny. "And," says Dinny, never mindin' the frightened look that come into Bid's face, "as I was sayin'—'Grant, give, bequith, and bestow my magnificent Cassimeer shawl—the magnificentest in the barony, bar none—the aforesaid shawl bein' the same which Partlan McCue fetched from Philadelphia, from my daughter Annie to me; and I wish her health, wealth, and the Lord's blissin' while she wears it and two threads of it stuck together.'"

The eyes of Bid Managhan, as she listened to this, grew bigger and bigger, and when Dinny got to his feet and opened the chist and took out and unfolded his mother's Cassimeer shawl, and held it up for Bid to see, the eyes of her were as large as small tay-saucers.

"Dinny Meighan," says she, when she got her breath with her, "durin' all the days I've been walkin' this worl', the sight of me never yet beheld a beau tifuler or a grander or a magnificentier legacy than that. Dinny Meighan, that poor mother of yours died in the odium of sanctity, and the sowl of her went up and into heaven on the shoulders of the seven vargins, the seven patriots, and the seven archangels afore the breath was gone out of her body. Thanky, just slip it on me shoulders, Dinny. Did ye—now tell me the gospel truth—*did* ye ever see a greater swell than I am? But what will Uncle Andy's ones say? Dinny, I'm goin'; and goin' round by the graveyard in order to say three rosaries for the everlastin' repose of that sainted woman's sowl, your mother. Good-bye, Dinny, and may God comfort ye in your great loss, and His blissin' ever be about you, and about your house and place." And she rolled up her old boots in her old shawl and placed them under her arm. "I may as well carry these with me," says she, "for maybe I'll meet some poor body 'ill be glad to get them," says she. Says Dinny, says he, "That's so, surely. And good-bye and good luck, and God be with ye," says he.

And down the floor she walked, headin' for the door, and she proud as a paycock that had got a new coat of feathers, and steppin' as pernicketty as if it was on eggs she was walkin'.

But with that the room-door (which was just inside the door of the house) was slammed open, and out of it steps the Widow Meighan, and the face of her both black and blue and red all at the one time, with the fair dint of the rage.

Bid Managhan, she opened her mouth for a screech, but the soira a screech or even a sound would come, and she just went white, and flopped down upon the floor, same as you'd drop a wet sack—flopped down sittin'-wise, both her mouth and her eyes as wide open as ever they'd go; starin' at the vision afore her.

The Widow Meighan, without a word out of her, though her face was bustin' with all she felt inside of her, just dropped upon her knees and dragged her Sunday boots off Bid Managhan's feet, that seemed just stretched out to her for the purpose. She threw Bid's feet from her when she was done with them, and she took her beautiful Cassimeer off her shoulders, and then stood her up, and made her drop off the skirt. She stooped over Bid while the poor woman, with hands that shook like a mill-hopper, give her own old brogues a hasty fastenin' upon her, and drew her own old shawl over her shoulders, and then, "Go," says she, pointin' to the door—"Go, Bid Managhan, and never let the evil shadow of you darken my threshol again."

But poor Bid needed little encouragement to go. She took the door as speedy as she could, and a crest-fallen woman, she went on her journey again to her Uncle Andy's.

And then, when the widow thought it time to give her attentions to her unworthy son, she turned to open the flood-gates on him. But, *inagh!* there was no Dinny there; for when he got the two women seriously engaged with each other, he thought it a good opportunity to go out by the back-door and look at the weather.

But the weather must 'a' been a long way off that day; becase it was two days and two nights afore he come in again.

And, I tell you, it was somethin' longer afore Bid Managhan come in again.

THE END.

GREEK ZOOLOGY IN 200 B.C.: THE MOST WONDERFUL PAINTED TOMB IN PALESTINE.

REPRODUCED FROM "PAINTED TOMBS AT MARISSA"; PUBLISHED BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.—[SEE ARTICLE.]



ΠΑΡΑΛΑΟΣ. ΠΗΛΟΣ ΑΙΒΑΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΠΗΛΙΚΟΥ. ΣΑΠΗΚΤΗΣ (?)

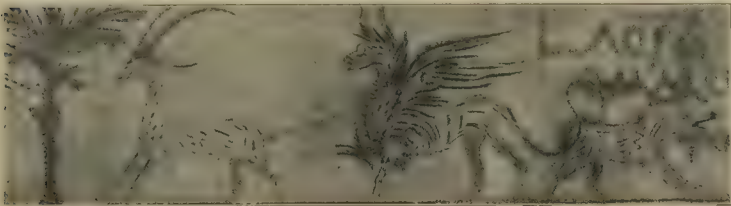
DEFACED BY MOSLEM FANATICISM: A FINE HUNTING SCENE CONTAINING THE LEOPARD, HORSEMAN, DOG, AND TRUMPETER.

When these paintings were first discovered, the faces were scratched out by the Sheik of Beit Jibrin, who declared that they were "haram," forbidden by Muslim law. The Greek nomenclature (lost in reproduction) is given in type throughout.



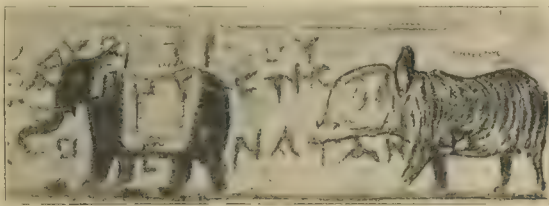
ΚΑΜΕΛΟΠΑΡΑΛΑΟΣ.
GIRAFFE.

This creature, which is evidently painted from descriptions only, is decorated with red and black spots.



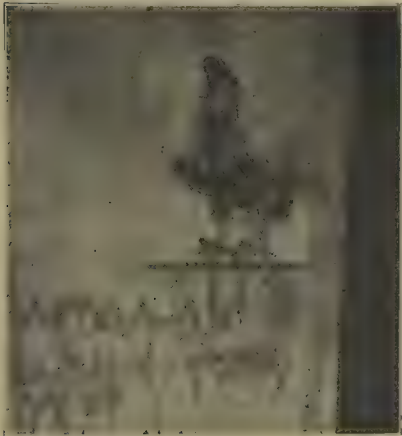
ΟΡΥΞ. ΓΥΨ.
THE ORYX AND THE GRIFFIN.

The oryx is the Egyptian antelope, and takes its name from the Greek "oryx," a pickaxe, on account of the shape of its horns. The griffin is one of the most admirably designed figures in the frieze.



ΕΛΕΦΑΣ. ΡΙΝΟΚΕΡΟΣ.
ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS.

The folds on the hide of the rhinoceros and on the elephant's trunk have been brought out ingeniously by scraping out narrow curved strips.



THE COCK (GREEK FUNERAL SYMBOLISM).

The bird is boldly sketched in black, with comb, wattles, tail-feathers, and ground-line in red. The cock was a common funeral symbol in Greece. Compare the remark of the dying Socrates: "Crito, we owe a cock to Asclepius."



THE PANTHER (ΠΑΝΘΗΡΟΣ).

But for the well-preserved tittle on the painting, the panther would certainly be mistaken for a lion. It is splendidly represented in full profile slowly striding towards the left. The skin is red, the mane blackish.



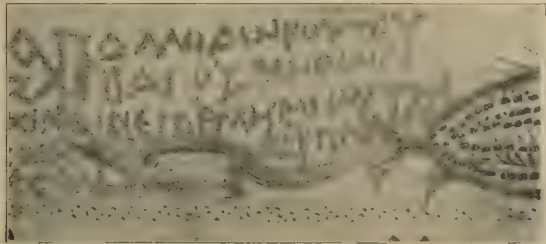
CERBERUS (GREEK FUNERAL SYMBOLISM).

The three-headed dog that sits at Pluto's gate is in type like the long-haired, jackal-like dogs of the country, with pointed ears and long tail. About each neck is a black collar.



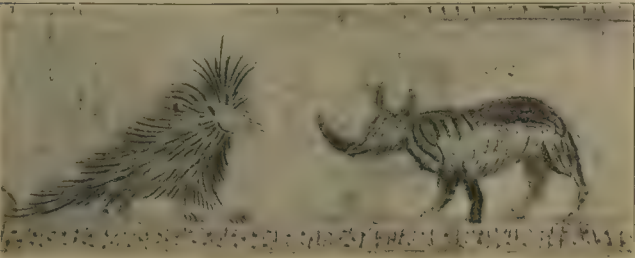
ΙΥΟΑ. ΟΝΑΠΡΟΣ.
UNKNOWN BEAST, WILD ASS SEIZING A SNAKE, AND HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The first of these animals has puzzled the archaeologists who examined the tomb. They suggest that the inscription may be a fragment of ΛΥΚΟΣ, "a wolf." As it stands, it seems rather to read ΙΥΟΑΟΣ. By a simple transposition this would become ΙΟΥΑΟΣ, which would give, if anything, a hirsute suggestion, borne out by the bushy hair between the ears.



ΚΡΟΚΟΔΙΛΟΣ.
A CROCODILE AND GREAT FISH CORRESPONDING TO THE ELEPHANT.

The fish of which a portion is here shown is one of those monsters which the older cosmologists imagined as inhabiting water and bearing the same relation to other fish as the elephant does to other beasts. The head (not shown here) has a trunk and tusks.



ΠΟΡΚΥΝΟΣ. ΤΑΠΙΡ.
THE PORCUPINE AND THE TAPIR.

The porcupine is quite unmistakable, and is most admirably drawn. The tapir is somewhat dubious, as the snout and horn assign it to the Nasicornia.



ΑΝΤΡΩΠΟΚΕΦΑΛΟΣ ΛΕΩΝ. ΣΚΟΡΠΙΟΝ. ΕΚΦΡΑΣΙΣ ΚΑΙ ΙΑΝΝΑ.
MAN-HEADED LION, SCORPION, REPRESENTATION AND IANN.

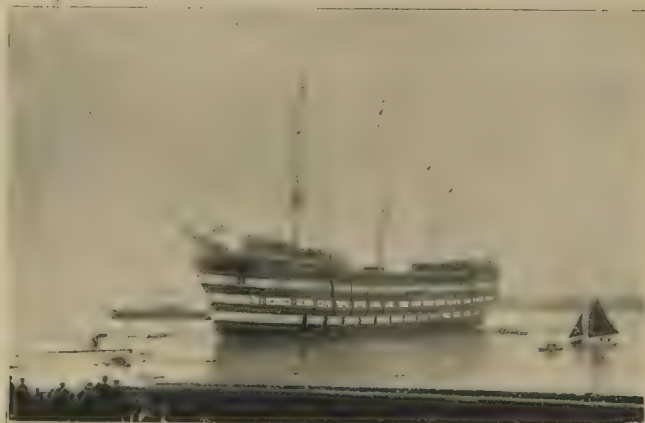
The man-headed lion bears a curious resemblance to the lion of the Persian coat-of-arms. The skin is marked with yellow, red, and black. Only two letters of the description are legible.

CAMERA NOTES OF SCENES AND EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



A RARE SIGHT ON THE THAMES: THE MEDITERRANEAN COMMANDER'S FLAG.

On May Day the flag of Lord Charles Dreyford, the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron, was hoisted on board the old training-ship the "President," to signify that Lord Charles had come off leave and had formally taken command of the Mediterranean Squadron. The "President" is an old American prize. Few people know of her existence.



A REPLICA OF AN OLD WAR-SHIP: THE NEW TRAINING-SHIP "EXMOUTH."

On May 4 Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim launched a new "Exmouth," to be the training-ship of the Metropolitan Asylum Board. The vessel is unique, as she reproduces exactly the old two-decker "Exmouth" (ninety guns) which carried Admiral Seymour's flag in the Baltic during the Crimean War. She will accommodate six hundred boys and officers.



TWO-AND-A-HALF TON BOULDERS BROUGHT DOWN BY THE SHOCK.



DAMAGE TO A HOTEL WALL.



FISSURES IN THE ROAD THREE MILES FROM CHAMOUNIX.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN SWITZERLAND: EFFECTS OF THE SHOCK NEAR CHAMOUNIX.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOBBS.

At Chamounix was strewn with two-and-a-half ton boulders, which were rolled down by the shock, and did considerable damage during their transit. A great fissure opened in the road, and the stone wall skirting it was severely shaken. Houses were littered with fallen plaster, and one of the hotels was so badly shaken that it is doubtful that it would survive a second shock.



Photo. Elliot.

FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION: THE NEW MANCHESTER SANATORIUM.

The institution, which is expected to be opened next month by King Edward, has been built 180 feet above sea-level on the northern border of Delamere Forest. Its façade, 300 feet long, shown in the accompanying photograph, commands a magnificent view of the great plain of Cheshire. The building has cost more than £70,000.



Photo. Whitlock.

THE OPENING OF A NEW ASYLUM NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

Hollymoor Asylum, which has been built at a cost of £300,000, will accommodate a thousand patients. The inaugural ceremony was performed by the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, who opened the principal door of the building with a golden key. The building is one of the finest and best equipped of its kind in the country.

NAVAL CASUALTIES: A STRANDED CRUISER AND ANOTHER BROKEN-BACKED DESTROYER.



OUT OF HER ELEMENT FOR HALF A DAY: THE CRUISER "KING ALFRED," STRANDED AT SHEERNESS MAY 5, REFLOATED MAY 6.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

Just after the "King Alfred" left Sheerness for the Mediterranean Station she went ashore on Sheerness Sands while swinging for the adjustment of her compass. Chatham Dockyard tug boats went to her assistance, and at one o'clock on the following morning she was got off without difficulty. Her hull was minutely examined by divers, who were unable to find any trace of injury. The "King Alfred" immediately continued her voyage.



PARTIED AMIDSHIPS: THE DESTROYER "SYREN" ASHORE ON BERE ISLAND.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

On May 1, during manoeuvres, the destroyer "Syren" struck on the Dog's Rock at the eastern end of Bere Island. At the time of the accident the vessel was sailing at the rate of twenty-six knots an hour. She parted amidships, the forward portion remaining out of the water, the after part rising and falling with the waves. The plan of salvage was to separate the two parts and tow them off independently.

CHASING DUMMY WARRIORS: AN AMUSING INTERLUDE AT A FRENCH MILITARY TOURNAMENT

DRAWN BY GEORGE SCOTT

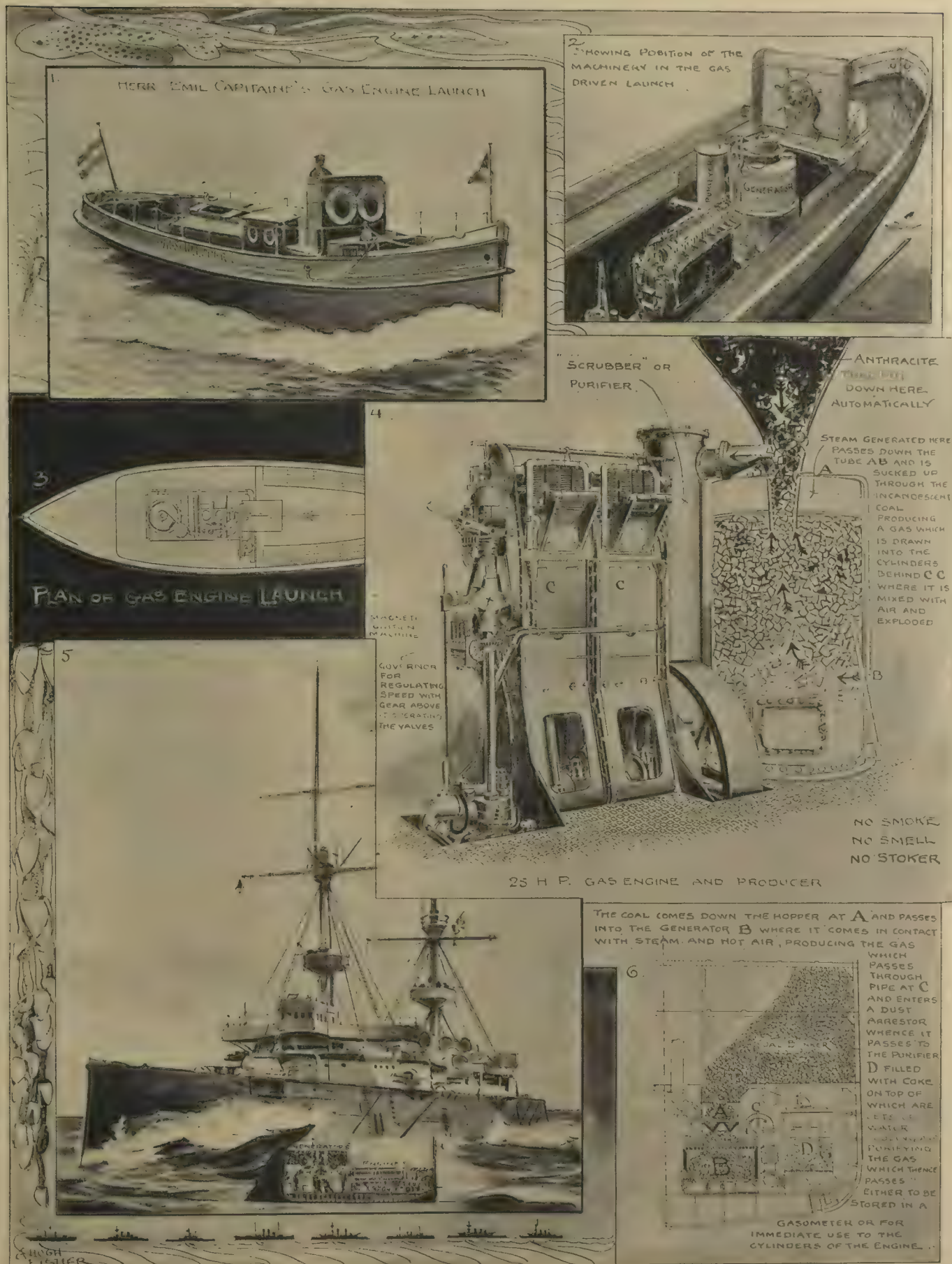


HILTING AT MEN OF STRAW: THE CHASE OF THE MOUNTED MANNIKIN BY CAVALRY PUPILS FROM SAUMUR.

At a recent gala performance at a Military Tournament in Paris, the most amusing and successful interlude was that given by the horsemen from the Cavalry School of Saumur, of whose course of training we lately published illustrations. The fight with dummies was seen last year at the Tournament in London, but the French cavalrymen varied it by chasing the riderless steeds mounted only by mannikins over a course beset with hurdles and other obstacles. The pursuers were armed with wooden lances and swords, and the fierce appearance of the dummies' masks lent the pastime additional comicality. Those who saw the game at the Agricultural Hall in London will remember that the horses carrying the dummies were so adroit that hits were seldom recorded.

GAS-ENGINES FOR A FUTURE NAVY: APPLICATION OF THE NEW POWER.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM THE INVENTOR'S DESIGNS.



1. HERR CAPITAIN'S GAS-ENGINE LAUNCH.

2. SHOWING POSITION OF THE GAS GENERATOR AND MACHINERY IN THE LAUNCH.

3. PLAN OF SAME.

4. DETAIL-CONSTRUCTION OF A 25-H.P. CAPITAIN'S GAS-ENGINE AND PRODUCER.

5. MAN-OF-WAR FITTED WITH GAS-ENGINES OF 10,000 H.P., AS PROPOSED FOR LARGE VESSELS BY MR. SINN.

6. DETAIL IN TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE GAS-PRODUCER PROPOSED BY MR. SINN.

If anthracite coal at 20s. per ton were used, the cost per 13-h.p. would be one-tenth of a penny, against from one-halfpenny to three-halfpence.

Herr Emil Capitaine, of Frankfurt, recently described to an engineering society his application of gas to the propulsion of ships. He claims for his invention greater speed, greater economy of space, economy of cost, and greater variation of speed. The gas is generated automatically as shown above. The motors are started by compressed air, and the time of ignition is regulated according to revolutions. A 40-h.p. engine stands only somewhat less than four feet above the floor.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ENVIRONMENT AND CHARACTER.

It has become the fashion of late days in certain circles to attempt to lower the influence of surroundings as a factor in working out those changes to which we apply the general name of evolution. This modern view is, of course, diametrically opposed to the opinions of former days which regarded the environment as a most potent cause of variation, and of the production in animals and plants of the transformations leading us from a species to a race, and through the establishment of the latter to the development of a new species. The modern view holds that all material changes such as work out the ways of evolution are to be looked for as occurring in the germ-plasm of the body, and as taking place independently of surroundings. Minute fortuitous variations working out their end in the living frame in this view of things constitute the *fons et origo* of life's developments. In the same fashion, and for similar reasons, it is held that acquired characters or those impressed on the parental structure are not handed on to the offspring, the only features capable of transmission being those which the germ-plasm or reproductive material exhibits.

I think it is well that we should occasionally revise the beliefs of the day and the hour by way of comparing them with older views, and of testing thus our progress towards a real knowledge of nature. This very matter of our surroundings offers a typical example, I think, of the need for such revision. In the first place, it is not to be supposed that the very fathers of science in the early days of evolutionary developments were universally wrong in attributing much influence to the environment of an animal or a plant. I do not suppose there is a biologist in the world who would be found to deny that surroundings do exercise certain effects. The real difference is that while a reasonable view recognises these effects, one which is untenable denies their existence altogether. Spencer defined life as consisting of a constant adjustment of internal to external relations. He thus clearly showed forth a belief in the power of surroundings to modify living beings. When they secured an adequate adjustment between themselves and their environments, they solved the problem of successful living. When they failed to do this, the result was decline and extinction.

On the face of our experience such a view is to be regarded as obviously true. The term "environment," let us bear in mind, is a wide and inclusive one. It implies, for example, food, air, temperature, altitude, moisture, soil, and many other and equally varied conditions, all of which exercise appreciable effects on life. What starvation on the one hand, or good feeding on the other, will do for an animal or plant, requires only common observation to demonstrate to us. The practical horticulturist will tell us of very marked changes which varying degrees of nutrition effect in the objects of his care and attention. There can therefore be no question at all entertained of the powerful influence on individuals of altered surroundings. The further question at issue is whether such alterations—that is, acquired characters—can be handed on so as to produce in time changes in the race also. This idea brings us back to the difference stated between new views and old ones. Personally, I should be inclined to go a very long way in the good company of the older schools of thought of which Lamarck was one of the chief representatives.

On ordinary physiological grounds, it is something almost inconceivable that the state or condition of the parent-body should exercise no effect on that of the offspring. No one need here tie himself to the assertion that all changes will act in the same way, or even that all changes in the parental organism will of necessity be handed on. It is one thing to assert that the surroundings may and do operate, and quite another thing either to maintain that they must always act, or that they never act at all. The children of drunkards do not necessarily develop into alcoholics, for example, but what seems to be a reasonable contention is that they are liable to be born with a certain instability of constitution which predisposes them more readily to fall than the children of sober parents. The bad environment must leave some trace or other behind it, otherwise heredity is a meaningless term altogether. From thistles, it is true, we do not expect to gather figs, but surely we may credit the environment of either plant as tending powerfully either to produce better thistles or worse, or better figs or a poorer stock as the case may be.

There are other, and more metaphysical aspects of the environment question such as must prove attractive in the highest degree to thoughtful folks. Sir Archibald Geikie, in a recent series of essays on the influence of landscape in history, has shown many telling and charming examples of that modification of human feeling, sentiment, and character which is associated with environments. Where a man is surrounded by the eternal hills, where he is far removed from the busy centres of life, and where he is brought face to face with the stern aspects of nature, is it wonderful such an environment should affect his thoughts, and colour his character, and even tinge his religion? What have we not owed as a nation, in the way of developing daring, for example, to our being encompassed by the sea and to the stern fight with the waves in which Britons have ever been engaged? We are reminded, again, that when men dwell by the still waters and by the green pastures, life takes a different colour from that it exhibits in the grim and grey North. Clear it is, that not only body but mind owe much of their character to what encompasses them.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

10 CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

J. J. MORTON (Hamilton, Ontario).—We regret that you should continue to criticise where obviously you know so little. In No. 3170 if 1. Kt to Q 6th (ch), the answer is Q takes Kt (ch), and there is no mate in two. The correct two ought to be set. In No. 3171 the author's solution, as given on March 4, is the only one, and you only expose your ignorance by the remarks you make upon it. You point out yourself that 1. B to K 3rd fails if Black replies 1. B to K 2nd, and yet you speak of it as your solution. Your efforts at Nos. 3177 and 3179 are equally wrong.

A. M. K. (Jersey).—"Cook's Compendium" is the best of those you mention; but "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," is also very serviceable. We do not know the third book you name; probably it is of American origin, and may be good also.

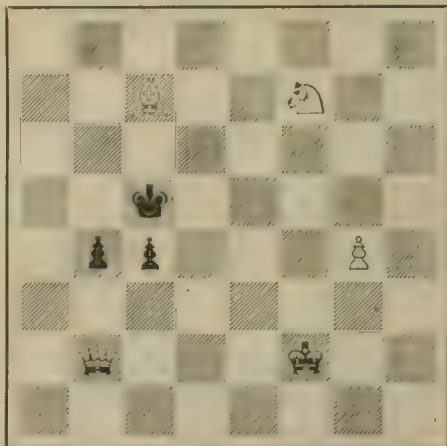
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 1180 received from D. Newton (Lisbon and C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3181 from Carl Prencke (Hamburg), Frank William Atchinson (Lincoln), and D. Newton (Lisbon); of No. 3182 from Edith Corser (Reigate), D. Newton (Lisbon); and J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3183 received from Joseph Willerick (Shrewsbury), Frank Gowing (Bruce Grove), P. D. (Brighton), W. J. Beane, W. Hopkinson (Derby), Edith Corser (Reigate), Scunier, G. S. Holmes (Shrewsbury), Charles Burnett, Colonel Godfrey (Cheltenham), J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), E. G. Rodway (Lewbridge), Henry Broune (Amsbury), F. K. Peckering (Forest Hill, Shalford), Wat (Dawlish), E. J. Winter-Wood, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Hereford, B. Messenger (Bridgford), J. A. Hancock (Bristol), H. J. Plumb (Sandhurst), Doryman, T. Roberts, Alfred Allen (Tannworth), A. Harding (Bournemouth), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Graham), L. Desanges (West Drayton), Albert Wolf (Putney), J. W. Haynes (Winchester), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), F. B. Smith (Kendal), Rev. A. Mays (Belford), F. Henderson (Leeds), A. W. Roberts (Sandhurst), and R. Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3182.—By F. HERALD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Kt sq B to Kt 7th
2. R to Q 3rd Any move.
3. Mate.

If Black play 1. Any other, then 2. B takes Kt (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3185.—By R. St. G. PURKE.
BLACK.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match between Messrs. LEONHARDT and MIESSES.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	1. P to K 4th	17. P takes Kt	17. P takes B
2. Kt to Q 3rd	2. Kt to B 3rd	18. P to K 3rd	18. P to B 4th
3. P to Q 3rd	3. P to B 4th	19. Q to Kt 3rd	19. Q to Kt 3rd
4. P to B 4th	4. P to Kt 5th	20. Q to K 3rd	20. Q to K 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd	5. Kt to B 3rd	21. P takes Kt	21. P takes Kt
6. P to K 3rd	6. P to K 3rd	22. K to B 2nd	22. K to B 2nd
7. P takes B	7. Kt to Q 5th	23. P to K 2nd	23. P to K 2nd
8. Q to Kt 3rd	8. B takes Kt	24. Q to K 2nd	24. Q to K 2nd
9. P to K 3rd	9. Kt to B 3rd	25. P to R 5th	25. P to R 5th
10. P to K 3rd	10. Kt to B 3rd	26. Q to B 2nd	26. Q to B 2nd
11. P to K 3rd	11. Kt to B 3rd	27. Kt to K 2nd	27. Kt to K 2nd
12. P to K 3rd	12. Kt to B 3rd	28. P takes R	28. P takes R
13. Kt to K 3rd	13. R to K 3rd	29. K to Kt 3rd	29. K to Kt 3rd
14. P to K 3rd	14. Kt to B 3rd	30. K takes B	30. K takes B
15. P to K 3rd	15. Kt to B 3rd	31. K to K 3rd	31. K to K 3rd
16. P to K 3rd	16. Kt to B 3rd	32. Q to B 5th	32. Q to B 5th

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the Brooklyn Chess Club between Messrs. FOX and LUBARE.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	1. P to Q 4th	14. Kt to B 3rd	14. B takes B
2. Kt to P 3rd	2. P to K 3rd	15. P takes B	15. P takes B
3. P to Q 4th	3. P to Q 4th	16. R to Q 3rd	16. R to Q 3rd
4. Kt to B 3rd	4. Kt to B 3rd	17. Q to Q 4th	17. Q to Q 4th
5. Q to K 2nd	5. P takes K P	18. Kt to K 2nd	18. Kt to K 2nd
6. Q takes P	6. Kt to B 3rd	19. Kt to K 2nd	19. Kt to K 2nd
7. B takes Kt (ch)	7. P takes B	20. Kt to K 2nd	20. Kt to K 2nd
8. Q takes P (ch)	8. P to B 2nd	21. Q to K 2nd	21. Q to K 2nd
9. Q to K 4th	9. P to B 2nd	22. Kt to K 2nd	22. Kt to K 2nd
10. Kt to K 4th	10. P to B 2nd	23. Q to K 2nd	23. Q to K 2nd
11. Kt to K 4th	11. P to B 2nd	24. Kt to K 2nd	24. Kt to K 2nd
12. Kt to K 4th	12. P to B 2nd	25. K to B 2nd	25. K to B 2nd
13. Kt to K 4th	13. P to B 2nd	26. Kt to K 2nd	26. Kt to K 2nd
14. Kt to K 4th	14. P to B 2nd	27. Kt to K 2nd	27. Kt to K 2nd
15. Kt to K 4th	15. P to B 2nd	28. Kt to K 2nd	28. Kt to K 2nd
16. Kt to K 4th	16. P to B 2nd	29. Kt to K 2nd	29. Kt to K 2nd
17. Kt to K 4th	17. P to B 2nd	30. Kt to K 2nd	30. Kt to K 2nd
18. Kt to K 4th	18. P to B 2nd	31. Kt to K 2nd	31. Kt to K 2nd
19. Kt to K 4th	19. P to B 2nd	32. Kt to K 2nd	32. Kt to K 2nd
20. Kt to K 4th	20. P to B 2nd	33. Kt to K 2nd	33. Kt to K 2nd
21. Kt to K 4th	21. P to B 2nd	34. Kt to K 2nd	34. Kt to K 2nd
22. Kt to K 4th	22. P to B 2nd	35. Kt to K 2nd	35. Kt to K 2nd
23. Kt to K 4th	23. P to B 2nd	36. Kt to K 2nd	36. Kt to K 2nd
24. Kt to K 4th	24. P to B 2nd	37. Kt to K 2nd	37. Kt to K 2nd
25. Kt to K 4th	25. P to B 2nd	38. Kt to K 2nd	38. Kt to K 2nd
26. Kt to K 4th	26. P to B 2nd	39. Kt to K 2nd	39. Kt to K 2nd
27. Kt to K 4th	27. P to B 2nd	40. Kt to K 2nd	40. Kt to K 2nd
28. Kt to K 4th	28. P to B 2nd	41. Kt to K 2nd	41. Kt to K 2nd
29. Kt to K 4th	29. P to B 2nd	42. Kt to K 2nd	42. Kt to K 2nd
30. Kt to K 4th	30. P to B 2nd	43. Kt to K 2nd	43. Kt to K 2nd
31. Kt to K 4th	31. P to B 2nd	44. Kt to K 2nd	44. Kt to K 2nd
32. Kt to K 4th	32. P to B 2nd	45. Kt to K 2nd	45. Kt to K 2nd
33. Kt to K 4th	33. P to B 2nd	46. Kt to K 2nd	46. Kt to K 2nd
34. Kt to K 4th	34. P to B 2nd	47. Kt to K 2nd	47. Kt to K 2nd
35. Kt to K 4th	35. P to B 2nd	48. Kt to K 2nd	48. Kt to K 2nd
36. Kt to K 4th	36. P to B 2nd	49. Kt to K 2nd	49. Kt to K 2nd
37. Kt to K 4th	37. P to B 2nd	50. Kt to K 2nd	50. Kt to K 2nd
38. Kt to K 4th	38. P to B 2nd	51. Kt to K 2nd	51. Kt to K 2nd
39. Kt to K 4th	39. P to B 2nd	52. Kt to K 2nd	52. Kt to K 2nd
40. Kt to K 4th	40. P to B 2nd	53. Kt to K 2nd	53. Kt to K 2nd
41. Kt to K 4th	41. P to B 2nd	54. Kt to K 2nd	54. Kt to K 2nd
42. Kt to K 4th	42. P to B 2nd	55. Kt to K 2nd	55. Kt to K 2nd
43. Kt to K 4th	43. P to B 2nd	56. Kt to K 2nd	56. Kt to K 2nd
44. Kt to K 4th	44. P to B 2nd	57. Kt to K 2nd	57. Kt to K 2nd
45. Kt to K 4th	45. P to B 2nd	58. Kt to K 2nd	58. Kt to K 2nd
46. Kt to K 4th	46. P to B 2nd	59. Kt to K 2nd	59. Kt to K 2nd
47. Kt to K 4th	47. P to B 2nd	60. Kt to K 2nd	60. Kt to K 2nd
48. Kt to K 4th	48. P to B 2nd	61. Kt to K 2nd	61. Kt to K 2nd
49. Kt to K 4th	49. P to B 2nd	62. Kt to K 2nd	62. Kt to K 2nd
50. Kt to K 4th	50. P to B 2nd	63. Kt to K 2nd	63. Kt to K 2nd
51. Kt to K 4th	51. P to B 2nd	64. Kt to K 2nd	64. Kt to K 2nd
52. Kt to K 4th	52. P to B 2nd	65. Kt to K 2nd	65. Kt to K 2nd
53. Kt to K 4th	53. P to B 2nd	66. Kt to K 2nd	66. Kt to K 2nd
54. Kt to K 4th	54. P to B 2nd	67. Kt to K 2nd	67. Kt to K 2nd
55. Kt to K 4th	55. P to B 2nd	68. Kt to K 2nd	68. Kt to K 2nd
56. Kt to K 4th	56. P to B 2nd	69. Kt to K 2nd	69. Kt to K 2nd
57. Kt to K 4th	57. P to B 2nd	70. Kt to K 2nd	70. Kt to K 2nd
58. Kt to K 4th	58. P to B 2nd	71. Kt to K 2nd	71. Kt to K 2nd
59. Kt to K 4th	59. P to B 2nd	72. Kt to K 2nd	72. Kt to K 2nd
60. Kt to K 4th	60. P to B 2nd	73. Kt to K 2nd	73. Kt to K 2nd
61. Kt to K 4th	61. P to B 2nd	74. Kt to K 2nd	74. Kt to K 2nd
62. Kt to K 4th	62. P to B 2nd	75. Kt to K 2nd	75. Kt to K 2nd
63. Kt to K 4th	63. P to B 2nd	76. Kt to K 2nd	76. Kt to K 2nd
64. Kt to K 4th	64. P to B 2nd	77. Kt to K 2nd	77. Kt to K 2nd
65. Kt to K 4th	65. P to B 2nd	78. Kt to K 2nd	78. Kt to K 2nd
66. Kt to K 4th	66. P to B 2nd	79. Kt to K 2nd	79. Kt to K 2nd
67. Kt to K 4th	67. P to B 2nd	80. Kt to K 2nd	80. Kt to K 2nd
68. Kt to K 4th	68. P to B 2nd	81. Kt to K 2nd	81. Kt to K 2nd
69. Kt to K 4th	69. P to B 2nd	82. Kt to K 2nd	82. Kt to K 2nd
70. Kt to K 4th	70. P to B 2nd	83. Kt to K 2nd	83. Kt to K 2nd
71. Kt to K 4th	71. P to B 2nd	84. Kt to K 2nd	84. Kt to K 2nd
72. Kt to K 4th	72. P to B 2nd	85. Kt to K 2nd	85. Kt to K 2nd
73. Kt to K 4th	73. P to B 2nd	86. Kt to K 2nd	86. Kt to K 2nd
74. Kt to K 4th	74. P to B 2nd	87. Kt to K 2nd	87. Kt to K 2nd
75. Kt to K 4th	75. P to B 2nd	88. Kt to K 2nd	88. Kt to K 2nd
76. Kt to K 4th	76. P to B 2nd	89. Kt to K 2nd	89. Kt to K 2nd
77. Kt to K 4th	77. P to B 2nd	90. Kt to K 2nd	90. Kt to K 2nd
78. Kt to K 4th	78. P to B 2nd	91. Kt to K 2nd	91. Kt to K 2nd
79. Kt to K 4th	79. P to B 2nd	92. Kt to K 2nd	92. Kt to K 2nd
80. Kt to K 4th	80. P to B 2nd	93. Kt to K 2nd	93. Kt to K 2nd
81. Kt to K 4th	81. P to B 2nd	94. Kt to K 2nd	94. Kt to K 2nd
82. Kt to K 4th	82. P to B 2nd	95. Kt to K 2nd	95. Kt to K 2nd
83. Kt to K 4th	83. P to B 2nd	96. Kt to K 2nd	96. Kt to K 2nd
84. Kt to K 4th	84. P to B 2nd	97. Kt to K 2nd	97. Kt to K 2nd
85. Kt to K 4th	85. P to B 2nd	98. Kt to K 2nd	98. Kt to K 2nd
86. Kt to K 4th	86. P to B 2nd	99. Kt to K 2nd	99. Kt to K 2nd
87. Kt to K 4th	87. P to B 2nd	100. Kt to K 2nd	100. Kt to K 2nd

The short match between Messrs. Leonhardt and Mieses resulted in a victory for the latter with a score very much in excess of the odds of the play. Mr. Leonhardt failed to do himself justice in the final stages of several games, where, having either a won or superior position, he allowed his more experienced opponent to steal a march upon him. As a matter of fact, the contest has rather enhanced than diminished the loser's reputation.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—II.

(See Supplement.)

When the first three rooms at Burlington House have been examined, much of the best work in the exhibition has been seen. True, Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. Wetherbee, Mr. George Henry, Mr. Furse, and Mr. Stott are held in store by the remaining eight rooms, but there is not a sufficient body of painting from these and a few other painters to enliven greatly the journey round the galleries. And we burden such young names with the task of enlivening, because, however scholarly and finished the older and more characteristically academical work may be, it is not free from the reproach of monotony. Academical paint is monotonous on principle, for its elaborate finish and polish must always bury the more interesting technical qualities. The young work of the day, particularly represented at Burlington House this year by Mr. George Henry's "The Chinese Kilim" (Mr. Henry has been rejected an astonishing number of times by the selecting committee), differs principally from such typical work as Mr. Leader's in so much as it is particularly free and animated in its paint. By its lack of these qualities, and by its almost insistent rejection of such work as Mr. Henry's, the Academy has given a special character to its walls—a character that each year it is the hope of the critic to see modified. Has this year brought its change? Not, we fear, a change so radical that we can be certain of it. But such doings as the election of Mr. J. M. Swan to full honours—Mr. Clausen and Mr. La Thangue are still only Associates!—the purchase, by the Chantry Bequest Committee, of Mr. Aumonier's "The Black Mountains," the considerate hanging of this same picture and of Mr. La Thangue's masterpieces, and a general carelessness to avoid the "skying" of able works—these are, let us say, hopeful signs. We note this year but two cases against a multitude in previous exhibitions, where canvases of undoubted merit have been most unworthily hung; one is Mr. George Lambert's "Equestrian Portrait of a Boy," the other Mr. Phillips Fox's "Ethel, Daughter of the late A. W. Carrick, Esq."

There are at least four pictures of unusual size this year: for one of these its size has meant a triumph, for another it has been the cause of failure. Mr. Herkomer's immense "Communal Sitting of the Burgers of Landsberg, Bavaria," is a most successful rendering, as a whole, of a difficult subject; but Sir L. Alma-Tadema's "The Finding of Moses" is on too large a scale to be a fair field for this artist's artistry in the delineation of surfaces.

Mr. J. J. Shannon, A.R.A., is so considerable an artist that one hesitates to qualify the praise which his accomplished draughtsmanship and his understanding of the human countenance demand. Had he a cleaner palette and perhaps a more simple sincerity of vision, he might have been secure of a place in the front rank of the masters of the English school of portraiture. His women are moulds of womanhood, despite the prettified hair here, or the clothed flesh there, or the distractions of a teasing background in the one and the other. The portrait of a girl catalogued as "Blue Bow" has a noble freedom of its own—it seems, somehow, to embody the genius of that Irish blood which we think Mr. Shannon inherits. Generous in proportion and noble in gesture, with a fine animation that is yet under control of the large heart and obedient to the higher sanctions, this young figure, so much at ease and yet so full of stirring vitality, might well be taken as the type of a great race. She is not, indeed, "dark Rosaleen" in her colour-scheme—Mr. Shannon is not a painter of brunettes, or, if brunettes, his brush turns them to blondes.

Mr. Napier Hemy's two sea-pieces, though they lack beauty, have a torpedo-like courage and movement—the same courage and movement which have almost living record in Lady Butler's brave "Rescue of Wounded: Afghanistan." Mr. George Wetherbee's "Pensive Shepherd" and his "Hark, hark, the lark!" are two exquisite works, sufficient in themselves to make memorable the Academy exhibition of 1905. Two more portraits by Mr. Sargent, the Miss Wertheimer (catalogued under a fancy name) and the M. Léon Delafosse, restore to us the painter in his proper form. Mr. Stott, Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Tuke, and Mr. Norman Garstin are well represented.

The late Mr. Charles Furse's great group, "Cubbing with the York and Ainsty," signals to the visitor from the far wall through a vista of rooms. It gives us equestrian portraits of the children of Mr. Lycett Green; sweet and convincing portraits, deftly composed on a canvas presenting enormous difficulties, together with spirited horses that keep well within the frame. All is elegant in the best sense of the word, but nothing is merely pretty. Strength and comeliness are mated alike in the subject and the treatment of it; and not even the huntsman's red coat, catching the sun, is in discord with the grave lights and shadows or a patch on "the pattern." A noble sky crowns a noble group. This, like Mr. Aumonier's solemn "Black Mountains," is a worthy possession for the nation; and the memory of Chantry has been honoured in the selection. We wish that equal seriousness attached to the remaining purchases, against which we have nothing to urge as exhibition pictures for a season, but which are wholly inadequate to rest the process.

The effect of the Chantry Committee's report may be observed in this respect, that the Academicians have not this year bought their own pictures, nor have they confined their purchases to exhibits at Burlington House. These purchases show a good spirit; they confess to the scandals of the past; but the real point is the securing of only such pictures as come within the strict category of fine works of art.

W.

WILD BIRDS AT HOME: NESTING WITH THE CAMERA

STEREOPHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



THE DOMESTIC ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SPOTTED FLY-CATCHER.

The camera was set in an apple-tree to secure this photograph of the bird with its nest and eggs.



A TURTLE-DOVE'S HOME HIGH UP IN A HAWTHORN.

The ground beneath this tree was covered with feathers from the old bird's body, blown off the nest by the wind.



ON THE EDGE OF A POND: THE REED-BUNTING'S DWELLING.

The common habitat of the reed-bunting is in marshy situations. It feeds on willow and other buds.



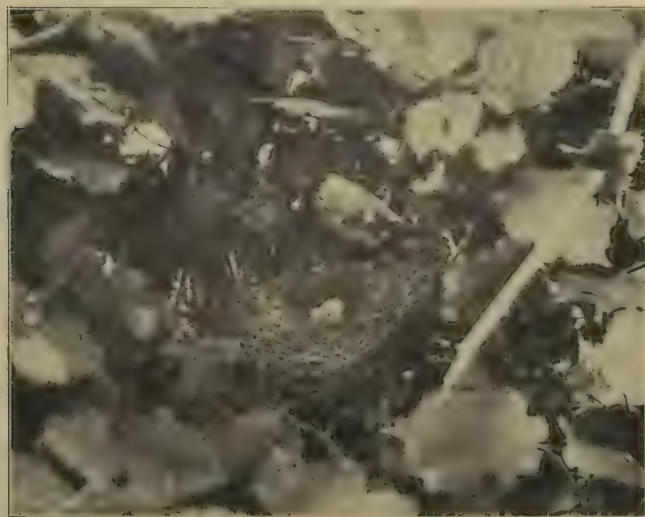
TAKEN ON THE TIMBER STACK: THE WHEAT-EAR AND ITS NEST.

The wheat-ear usually makes its nest on the ground, and lays from four to seven eggs.



AMONGST THE BRACKEN: THE CHIFF-CHAFF GOING ON TO HIS NEST.

The chiff-chaff, called after its note, is a summer visitor to England, but does not cross the border.



THE BULLFINCH WITH ITS NEST AND EGGS.

This specimen was photographed on a hazel-bush. The bullfinch usually builds in trees and bushes a few feet from the ground.

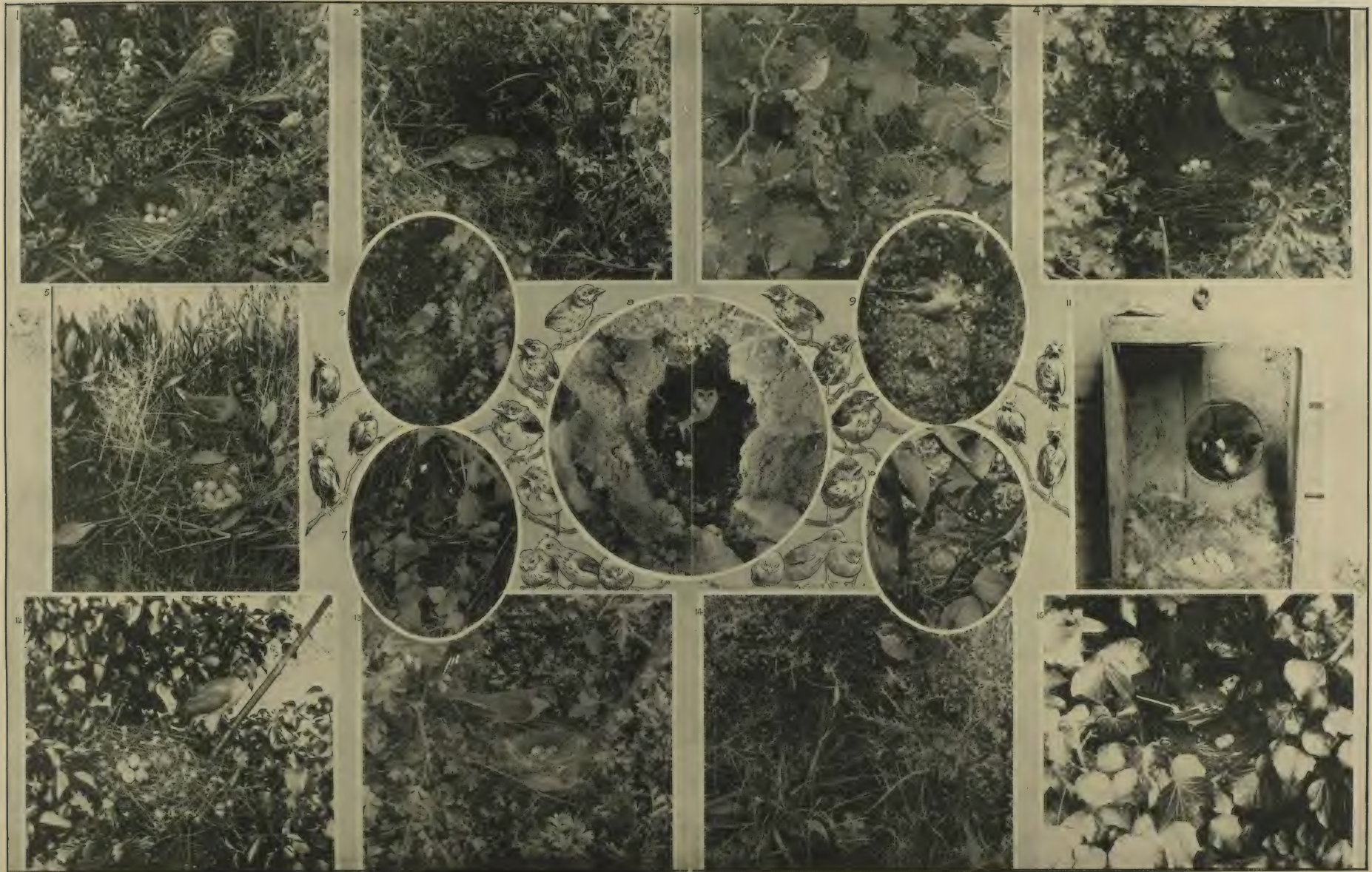


THE WREN IN THE IVY.

The wren has a preference for the nooks and crannies of outhouses. It is also found in the woods.

WILD BIRDS AT HOME.—NESTING WITH THE CAMERA: INTERESTING SNAP-SHOTS OF DIFFICULT SUBJECTS.

STEREOPHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK. DECORATIONS BY A. HUGH FISHER.



1. THE YELLOW-HAMMER, WITH NEST AND EGGS; FOUND IN A YUZZAR-BUSH ON A RAILWAY LINE.
It summer months almost every hedge-row or patch of furze and gorse shelters the yellow-hammer.

2. THE MEADOW-LARK ON ITS NEST; FOUND IN LONG GRASS.

3. THE NIGHTINGALE, WITH NEST AND EGGS; FOUND IN THE BANK OF A DRY DITCH.

This nightingale has built within a few yards of the same place for several years past.

4. A MOST DIFFICULT BIRD TO PHOTOGRAPH: THE JAY, WITH ITS NEST AND EGGS, IN THE CENTRE OF A HAWTHORN-BUSH.

Our jay cost the photographer twenty-seven plates before he succeeded.

5. A PHOTOGRAPH THAT COST THE OPERATOR A DECKING: A MOOR-HEW, WITH NEST AND EGGS, IN A BOG.

In order to get near this nest the photographer had to wade in a gale and use it as a raft in order to get over and fix his camera. He then sat up to his waist in mud awaiting his opportunity.

6. GREY LINNET LEAVING ITS NEST IN A HAWTHORN-HEDGE.

7. A ROBIN SITTING ON ITS NEST IN A HEDGE ON A BANK.

8. A CASE FOR FLASHLIGHT: THE BARN-OWI, ITS NEST AND EGGS; FOUND IN A HOLLOW TREE.

To photograph the owl in its nest found it is often necessary to use two reflectors, and sometimes magnesium or flashlight.

9. THE LONG-TAILED TIT.

This specimen was discovered and photographed in a hawthorn-bush.

10. THE LESSER RED-POLL, WITH NEST AND EGGS; PHOTOGRAPHED IN A PEAR-TREE.

The red-poll is the smallest of the finches. It frequents alder and birch trees, and has also been found in the elder-bush.

11. IN A COUNTRY LETTER-BOX: A GREAT-TIT.

The great-tit generally builds in a hole in the stump of a tree or wall, but it is erratic, and not infrequently chooses a water-can.

12. A SPARROW-HAWK, WITH NEST AND EGGS; FOUND IN AN IVY-COVERED OAK-TREE.

13. THE RED-BACKED SHRIKE'S DOMHOLE.

This bird makes no attempt to conceal its nest, and usually places it in some bush or hedge.

14. THE WHIN-CHAT, WITH ITS NEST AND EGGS; FOUND IN BROOM-BUSHES ON A RAILWAY EMBANKMENT.

15. THE FIED WAGTAIL, WITH ITS NEST AND EGGS; FOUND IN THE IVY ON A COACH-HOUSE WALL.

Old stone walls, hollow trees, sides of railway cuttings, and flag-stones are selected indifferently by the wagtail.

The difficulties of taking these photographs were enormous, for the operator had first to overcome the shyness of the birds by leaving a dummy camera near the nests for days. When they had grown careless of the instrument and of his own presence, he would substitute the real camera; but before making an exposure, he always took care to retire to a distance, and snapped his shutter by means of a bulb fitted with fifty feet of tubing. Reflectors and even magnesium were used for nests in dark crannies.

WILD BIRDS AT HOME: NESTING WITH THE CAMERA.

STEREOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



THE ROCK-PIPET WITH NEST AND EGGS.
This example was discovered on a cliff on a railway cutting.



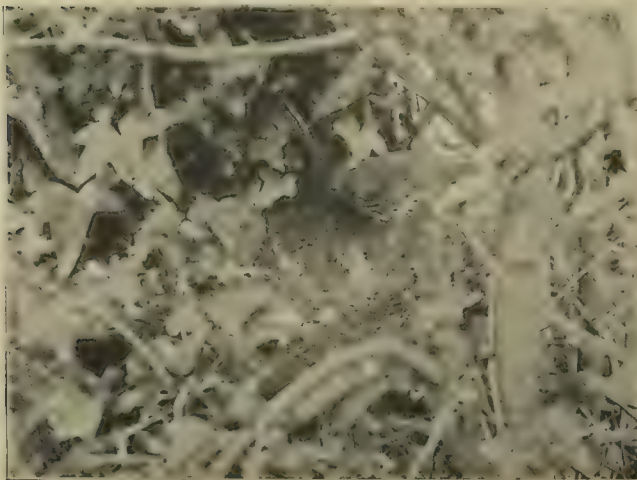
SKYLARK GOING ON TO ITS NEST IN PASTURE LAND.
Photographed after the observer had accustomed the bird to his presence.



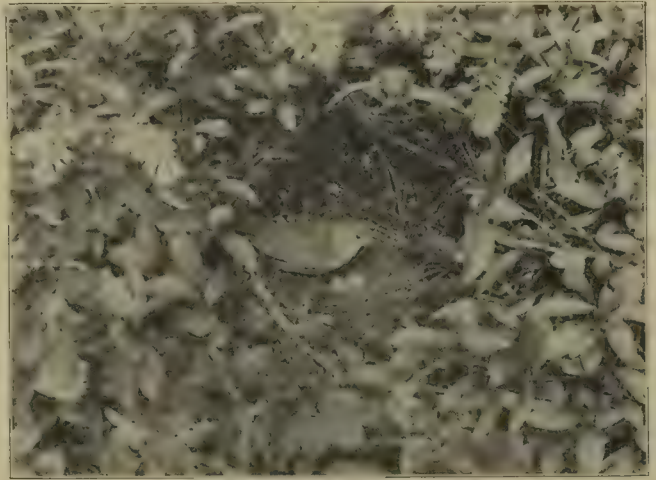
THE CHAFFINCH WITH ITS PROSPECTIVE FAMILY.
The nest was built in an elder-tree upon the river bank.



THE MISSEL-THRUSH AND YOUNG HIGH UP IN A FIR-TREE.
These nests are generally found in the fork between branches.



AN OLD SONG-THRUSH FEEDING ITS YOUNG.
The operator had so familiarised the birds to his camera as to make such pictures possible.



HEDGE-SPARROW GOING ON TO ITS NEST.
Photographed on a privet hedge. The hawthorn hedge is the favourite nesting place.

'HOW NOBLE IN REASON! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension, how like a God!
'Nature listening whilst Shakespeare played, and wondered at the work herself had made.' —CHURCHILL.
HIS MIND WAS THE HORIZON BEYOND WHICH AT PRESENT WE CANNOT SEE. —EMERSON.

SHAKESPEARE,

THE SAGE AND SEER OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FORGIVENESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE.

'He taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, Perpetual Mercy, Constant Patience, Endless Peace, Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me, one who knew things better than this man, show HIM! I know him not! If he had appeared as a Divine they would have Burned Him; as a Politician, they would have Beheaded Him; but Destiny made him a Player.'—THE REV. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

'I find no human soul so beautiful these fifteen hundred years!' —LAMB.

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'These Divine and Immortal Plays: the embodiment of all the Ages, Wisdom, and Philosophy, and the Majestic and Imperishable Inheritance of the English speaking race, should be read by all young men and women, being as they are Enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of Virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity.'—CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

'HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE REVELS TO MANKIND.'



From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave of Belarius, Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: 'Good Masters, harm me not. . . . Here's money for my meat.' Guiderius: 'Money, youth?' Arviragus: 'All gold and silver rather turn to dirt, as 'tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!'

'It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women. . . . but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart.'—HELEN FAUCHI

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"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

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OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

When the motif of "Redemption of Love" sounded through the Opera House on Saturday night last, following Brünnhilde's sacrifice and the burning of Valhalla, one of the most successful "Ring" Cycles yet heard in London came to a triumphant end, and the audience was not too fatigued by the long performance of the "Götterdämmerung" to render to Dr. Richter the tribute he deserved so well and was quite reluctant to accept.

Recalling the four performances, with their infinite wealth of detail, their extraordinary claims upon singers, musicians, and stage-management, and their very large measure of successful accomplishment, it becomes a pleasant duty to congratulate the management of the Opera House upon an achievement that does credit to one and all concerned. Never before in London has the "Ring" Cycle revealed its wonderful significance more completely, and we cannot recall a performance of the operas that has produced so much new talent of a high order. To the extent that Wagner's mind wandered to heights no stage-manager can climb, small details of action must have failed to impress the spectator; but the operas, in their more important aspects, were so admirably presented that the less important matters could scarcely distract the attention.

It is late in the day to comment upon the significance of the "Ring" operas; to point out the immense spiritual significance that underlies every important stage action and every orchestral motif is to tell a thrice-told tale. It is better, then, to consider the work of the chief performers, and nothing stands out more clearly in the memory than the Alberich of Herr Zador and the Mime of Herr Reiss. Vocally and dramatically these performances were notable and impressive. We seemed to see and hear an

Alberich and Mime whom no stage conventions shackled, for whom no audience existed; they appeared to be living in the atmosphere that Wagner created. Remarkably good, but not always on the same high plane, was Mr. Clarence Whitehill's work as Wotan and Gunther. His singing was beautiful, the "Abschied" echoes still as we write; but apart from his singing he was not consistently impressive. Herr

her vocalisation, the dramatic force of her acting, gave special distinction to her brief appearance.

Frau Wittich had no easy task in the part of Brünnhilde. Beyond the demands of the music and the drama, she had to follow Madame Ternina, who has established herself permanently in the affection of London's opera patrons. Not only did Frau Wittich move the whole audience to admiration, she even stimulated her companions upon the stage, rousing them by the power of her own performance and the magnetism of her personality to the greatest that was in them. In turn, Frau Wittich displayed the power of the goddess and the tenderness of the woman, and she helped to make "Die Walküre" the finest of the four performances, though each achieved distinction. She has an imposing stage presence, a most artistic sense of every dramatic possibility of Brünnhilde's part, and a splendid voice that rolled from the rocks at the back of the stage to the limits of the auditorium. Many small parts deserve attention that limits of space forbid.

Between the "Ring" operas, Rossini's "Barber of Seville" came strangely, and can hardly be fairly judged. The light, sparkling, empty melodies had nothing in common with the serious music they seemed to interrupt, and tenor and soprano were suffering from nervousness. So it seems unfair to criticise the revival until it has been heard under other conditions.



KING EDWARD'S STEAMER FOR HIS CHANNEL CROSSING: THE TURBINE "ONWARD."

The "Onward" was built by Messrs. Denny and Brothers, at Dumbarton, for the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company. She is very fast and very steady, and carried the King across Channel at a speed of twenty-two-and-a-half knots an hour. On reaching Dover the King shook hands with Captain Hancock, commander of the "Onward," and presented him with a set of gold links and studs.

Hinckley held the rapt attention of the house, first as Hunding and then as Hagen; and the love-duet with Frau Fleischer-Edel in "Die Walküre" could hardly have been rendered more beautifully. In the comparatively small parts of Erda and Valtraute, Madame Kirkby Lunn achieved a success out of all proportion to the amount of work she had to do; the quality of

women," contains among many other articles "Dame Fashion's Decrees," "Are Women Doctors a Success?" "Some Ducal Romances," "Art and Decoration in England and France," "Stageland," "Children of Notable People," and a paper of interest to holiday-makers on Bexhill-on-Sea. The mere mention of these subjects will be sufficient to commend the publication.

The May number of "The Boudoir, an Illustrated Magazine for Gentlewomen" contains many other articles "Dame Fashion's Decrees," "Are Women Doctors a Success?" "Some Ducal Romances," "Art and Decoration in England and France," "Stageland," "Children of Notable People," and a paper of interest to holiday-makers on Bexhill-on-Sea. The mere mention of these subjects will be sufficient to commend the publication.

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THE YOUNG LADIES JOURNAL
We unhesitatingly commend to the notice of our stout friends the marvellous specific Antipon, giving back elasticity & grace of movement.

Bristol Daily Mercury
Antipon is a remedy in itself and needs no assistance. It will do the necessary reductive work pleasantly & effectually. The cure is permanent.

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Readers troubled with embonpoint will find in Antipon a reliable and permanent cure, pleasant to take, without incurring any distressing restrictions as to diet.

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In Antipon the great permanent cure for corpulence, the world is made richer by a marvellous discovery.

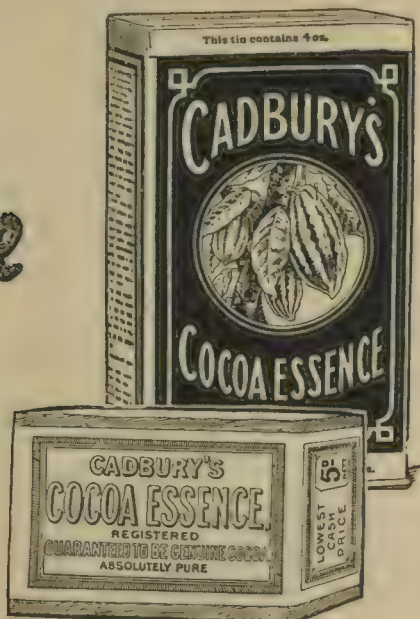
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A most economical treatment, and, at the same time, the most beneficial ever known.

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"It will prove a lasting blessing to thousands."

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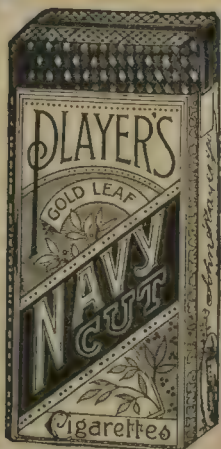
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LADIES' PAGES.

Queen Alexandra's visit to Greece must, for very many reasons, have been of great interest to the Queen. Comparatively few travellers visit Greece, even in this globe-trotting age. One reason is that it is by no means easy to get to the interesting parts of the classic country. On the map, Greece and Italy seem to be but divided by a narrow strait; but, as a fact, the parts of Greece that anyone would wish to visit are across the peninsula, on the other side of it from all the chief cities of Italy, which, except only Venice, look towards and are near to the opposite sea; so that to get to Athens or any other city in Greece that bears one of those historic names that sing in the fancy like music—Thebes, Sparta, Corinth—either you must go altogether by sea or a long overland journey must be encountered. The Queen, as becomes the Consort of the Monarch of the Seas, has learned to love the life on the ocean wave, and the trip that has ended in her visit to the classic shores of Greece has been a pleasure to her, though it was undertaken primarily for the health of Princess Victoria.

Our royal family is closely connected by more than one tie with that of Greece; for while the King of Greece is Queen Alexandra's brother, who was elected years ago (on our own Prince Alfred declining the offer) to fill the vacant throne, the Queen of Greece is a niece of the Duchess of Edinburgh-Saxe-Coburg; the Crown Princess is a niece of our King, being a sister of the German Emperor; and two other Princesses married into the Greek royal family are near relatives, one a great-grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, and the other of King Christian. Although Queen Victoria's own children did not for the most part marry to hold the very highest station in other lands, this will be changed in the future, as her grandchildren and their children have often made important matches. Of her late Majesty's numerous granddaughters, nearly all—one might say all who are not in early youth, with one or two exceptions—have married. The only Princesses in that relation to the late Queen who still remain single, counting out the bride of this season, are Princess Victoria; her cousin and namesake, Princess Christian's daughter; the second Princess of Connaught; and the two debutante Princesses in their teens, Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Princess Ena of Battenberg. The last-named Princess is very much admired; her fair-haired beauty is the style that is most appreciated in this country; and her look of blooming health and of brightness of disposition is charming in itself.

With our notions of the suitability of wearing white, and that alone for a wedding-gown, it comes as something of a shock to hear that the bridal-gown of



AN EFFECTIVE BLACK EVENING FROCK.

Black chiton is here used to make an evening frock, the effect of which is enhanced by the silver embroidery and bands of panne velvet on the sleeves. The dress is set in full-flowing lines, that give a graceful effect.

the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, when she marries the German Crown Prince in June, is to have a bright red satin train! It is to be lavishly embroidered with silver, which will naturally lighten the effect, while the red ground will show up the design in the threads of the precious metal. That design has been specially drawn by an eminent artist, and consists of flowers—roses, carnations, tulips, and edelweiss—in the centre of the train, while the border is a massive Greek key and arabesque design. The underdress is of white tulle, also embroidered in silver. The whole dress must be terribly heavy, as the train is fourteen feet long, and embroidered on most of its length. A pretty feature of the ceremonials at the wedding of the German Emperor's heir will be a pavilion filled with fair young maidens, chosen from the highest families, who will welcome the bride on her entry into Berlin.

A perfectly charming exhibition is now open in the rooms of those leading jewellers, the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, at 112, Regent Street. While the display is unique in itself, and affords one a delightful and instructive study of one of the finest of the Fine Arts, it has, of course, the further advantage that the articles on view are all for sale, so that when one admires the beautiful object and owns the needful cash (the amount being reasonable in all instances, by the way), one need not reluctantly leave behind one the lovely thing, as one must in an ordinary museum, but can take it home to be "a joy for ever." At the same time, this company has always pursued the liberal policy of inviting visitors to enter freely and inspect the beautiful display of jewels and objects of the gold- and silversmith's art, without the least obligation to purchase being felt; and this invitation equally applies to the new exhibition. But what is the new special display. It is, in the first place, a choice and extensive collection of antique silver, and, in the second place, a group of charming antique clocks. Everybody has heard of the great prices given at auction recently for some beautiful examples of the older work of English silversmiths. The company has been able, by its extensive scale of operations in the market, to find and acquire a large number of very rare and interesting pieces at moderate prices—so moderate, in fact, that the purchaser stands a good chance of being able in days to come to sell what he may now acquire for more than he need give to secure its possession. The policy of the company of having every article marked in plain figures, so that titled and wealthy customers may know that they are not being

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The only sensible and rational plan is to give suitable foods adapted to the age and growing needs of the child's digestive organs, and this is provided by

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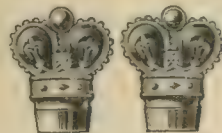
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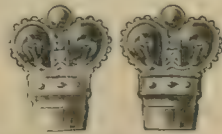
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taken unfair advantage of, is also being followed with all these antique pieces. There are undoubtedly genuine specimens of Queen Anne, Georgian, Stuart, and early sixteenth-century silver-work—tankards, cups, candlesticks, inkstands, waiters, tea-caddies, and tea and coffee services, besides smaller pieces, such as spoons and forks, and cream-ewers. An amusing and rare complete set of six three-prong forks dates to the reign of William and Mary, and to see them makes one understand the great pea-eating difficulty so often alluded to in ancient literature. Then, again, the clocks make a perfectly enchanting display. There is an exquisite "Louis XVI." one in the shape of a lyre in ormolu and royal-blue Sèvres, the dial surrounded by old paste; a beautiful Empire specimen, called the "Marshal" clock, one of those that the First Napoleon made a practice of presenting to his favoured soldiers on raising them to that high grade, with the face of the timepiece set in the gilt shield of an exquisitely modelled Amazon; and too many others to describe, all really exquisite artistic productions. Everybody of artistic taste must try to see the display, but those who cannot possibly go personally can send for the special catalogues, free by post.

Speaking of catalogues reminds me that on my table lies the large new illustrated catalogue that Messrs. Peter Robinson, of Oxford Circus, have just issued, with the title "Fashions of To-day," showing the latest fashions in every department of their dress-stock. This large house supplies "Everything for Ladies", Children's, and Gentlemen's Wear"; and samples of the fashions of the hour in all these departments are depicted and described in the new catalogue, of which a copy can be obtained by any of my readers free by post on application.

Assistance in keeping a good table may be gained by a judicious use of the resources of civilisation in the shape of the best class of preserved, bottled, and tinned products of other climes or those that are easily perishable after being garnered from our own earth and seas. Many articles of food are really as satisfactory when well preserved as when fresh; tomatoes, for instance, will make quite as good sauces or soups when taken from a tin as if straight-gathered from the plant; while some delicious additions to the table are in the nature of the case only to be bought from the provision-dealers in bottles or tins, such as, for instance, sardines, the various fish pastes, anchovies, whether in salt, in oil, or in vinegar, olives, and olive-oil. The indispensable point in the case of any such articles is to note the name of



A CHARMING FÊTE GOWN.

White chiffon is adopted this season equally for day and evening wear; and as we see it expressed in a lovely gown for smart wear in the day. A band of pleated chiffon passes down both front and back, outlined with lace insertion, and lace possibly trims the rest of the skirt and the corsage. Hat of white crepe trimmed with a Paradise plume.

the firm responsible for the preparation of the food-materials in their preserved form. A long-standing reputation ensures that generations of chiefs have tried and found satisfactory the products of the well-known house of John Burgess and Son, Limited, which was founded in 1760. Messrs. Burgess's headquarters are at 107, Strand, but their special goods are to be found in all high-class stores and grocery shops. The name of Burgess is specially associated with Gorgona anchovy and other pastes, and with the anchovies themselves, those dainty little fishes that take on such a rich flavour as preserved, neatly stacked in glass bottles or in jars, by Burgess, and that so readily construct any number of tasty savouries to end the dinner, as well as forming, when simply cut in strips off the bone, after the skin has been lightly scraped, an excellent *hors d'œuvre* without further preparation. Essence of anchovies, too, commonly called anchovy sauce, is prepared to perfection by Burgess.

The transparent yoke has had its day, and sunk to the level of the factory-girl. But will there be high collars, or will the necks of corsages be cut down? The feeling is decidedly for a high collar at present; there is such scope for decoration in this fashion, and it is more generally becoming. The hats of this summer, too, are favourable to the high dressing of the hair; so perched up or to one side as the chapeaux are, they require a mass of hair to support them in position, and with the hair done up on the top, a collar is naturally worn, just as, conversely, the hair in the nape of the neck filling up the space behind the ears is in favour of low or turned-down collars. The sides of the chevelures are soft puffs, not stiff at all, any undulation being in large waves, and as natural-looking as possible. For evening dressing of the hair, a great deal of ornamentation is allowed. Clusters of marabout or fancy feathers, rows of pearls twined in with the hair, knots of flowers or half-wreaths of tiny blossoms, and ribbon embroidered with paillettes or imitation diamonds and formed into bows held out by fine wire, are all not only permissible, but almost indispensable for the evening coiffure. Yellow is a very fashionable evening colour in gowns as well as in head-dressing, and the shade of it which suits the complexion is excellent to select for whatever adornment may be chosen for the hair. In one of another shade, yellow suits all complexions. A pale corn-colour or a bright golden tint is excellent for blondes, provided always that they are not at all sallow or anæmic-looking; while the deeper shades are flattering to the brunette tints of the skin, orange and dead gold especially so. A knot of ribbon with gold paillettes on it, or a cluster of marabouts and perhaps a bird-of-Paradise tail added, makes an attractive head-ornament. Combs of many varieties lend their assistance to the dressing of the modish coiffure for *les soirées*.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Mr. Sydney Fox, in presenting the report of the C.M.S. recent anniversary, said there had been a decided increase lately in the number of missionary candidates.

The result of the year's results was £43,000, and to avoid an adverse balance, a sum of £420,000 have to

months. Bishop Ingham, the recently appointed

The Bishop of Hull, Dr. Blunt, vestry

At Scarborough, mentioned that he had held this position for a longer period than any incumbent, since the reign of Richard I. 1007 sermons in the town, and

has had fifty-seven curates during the period of forty-one years.

The Bishop of Carlisle has been advocating a cautiously worked policy for the combination of parishes.

which lend so much charm to his speeches. "I have lived as happy a life as most men. I have sometimes been short of money. I have never been short of work, and it is because I have never been short of work that I have never been unhappy."

The organ presented by the King to the newly restored chapel of St. Nicholas in Carisbrooke Castle has been erected in the organ gallery. The chapel has been restored in memory of Charles I.

The new Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Yeatman-Biggs, has settled at Hartlebury Castle amidst demonstrations of cordial welcome.

On the day of his arrival the villagers decorated their houses, and the school-children carried flowers, flags, and Maypoles. The Rev. D. Robertson, Rector of



THE FIRST VESTIBULE TRAIN FOR PURELY SCOTCH TRAFFIC: A NEW CORRIDOR EXPRESS ON THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

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In his experience he has found that parishioners themselves are the great obstacle to reform in this direction. Dr. Diggle added one of those personal reminiscences

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He greeted the Bishop on behalf of the parish. The Bishop, on entering the Castle, said, "Peace be to this house and all who dwell within it," and he afterwards conducted a short service.

Bishop Gore has written an interesting letter on the subject of Evening Communion. He urges that the practice of rising in good time on Sundays should be encouraged, that the first hours of the day may be given to the public worship of God. "I am sure," he writes, "that Christians ought to set their faces steadily against the practice of postponing Christian worship till the evening of Sunday, and the accompanying practice of late Saturday night."

The late editor of the *Guardian*, the Rev. Walter Hobbouse, has arranged to live in Birmingham and give his gratuitous assistance to Dr. Gore. He is to edit the *Diocesan Magazine and Calendar*. Mr. Hobbouse will also supervise the studies of those who are ordained deacons in the diocese.

A fund is being raised in the Leeds Deanery for the presentation of a testimonial to Dr. Gibson, the Bishop-designate of Gloucester. Leading townsmen are gladly accepting the opportunity of showing their appreciation of Dr. Gibson's successful work in St. Peter's parish and the city.

An annual members' meeting will be held each April in the City Temple. Mr. Campbell has been greatly encouraged by the loyalty and unanimity of his people. Four new deacons have been appointed, including Mr. F. F. Belsey, the noted Sunday School expert, and Mr. Compton Rickett, M.P.—V.

A great historical pageant is in active preparation at Sherborne, Dorsetshire, to commemorate the twelve hundredth anniversary of the founding of the town, bishopric, and school by St. Baldhelm, A.D. 705. The pageant, which takes the form of a unique folk-play, specially written and invented by Mr. Louis N. Parker, deals with the chief historical events of the interesting town of Sherborne, and will be presented in the ruins of the ancient Castle on June 12, 13, 14, and 15.

A GREAT SOCIAL EVENT AT STAFFORD HOUSE.

Stafford House, which has been the scene of many important and memorable gatherings in the sacred cause of charity, will, by the great kindness and courtesy of their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, witness another, and a specially interesting one, on

Trades' Provident and Benevolent Association. This society, founded two years ago, with Mr. S. J. Waring Jun. as president, is now proceeding vigorously with the most important part of its work by the erection at Radlett, in Hertfordshire, of the Cottage Homes which it is proposed to establish for the training and education of the orphan children of furniture trade employes left without adequate provision, and the opening of which will shortly be announced. It is with the object of making the claims of the undertaking more generally known, not only inside the particular trades concerned, but also in that larger circle of charitable people who are always ready to help those who help themselves, likewise of substantially increasing the available fund, that this concert and soirée have been organised.

It will be a memorable social event for several reasons. Those who are fortunate enough to secure tickets—of which, naturally, only a limited number can be issued—will have an opportunity of seeing the interior of one of the most magnificent mansions in London. Although of no great antiquity, Stafford House, which was built in 1825 for the then Duke of York, on the site of Cleveland House—called after the Duchess of unrevered memory of that name—has always been a show place of uncommon artistic interest. Over a quarter of a million sterling was originally spent on the building and decoration, and it has always been famous for its wonderful collection of pictures and other valuable works of art. In 1842 the Government sold it to a predecessor of the present Duke of Sutherland, and with the proceeds of the sale bought Victoria Park, which has proved such a boon to the East End of London. Great as are the artistic attractions of Stafford House—superb as is its adornment—priceless as are its examples of Titian, Rubens, Murillo, and Vandyck, it has perhaps an even stronger claim upon public interest by reason of the many important social and charitable movements that have received the approving sanction and cordial help of its noble owners. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are entitled to no common gratitude for the splendid generosity with which they throw open their great treasure-house in so many good causes.



Photo. Elliott & Fry.

THE SCENE OF A GREAT CHARITY FÊTE: THE STAIRCASE AT STAFFORD HOUSE.

May 17, under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales, Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), and many distinguished ladies and gentlemen. On that occasion a grand concert, in which Madame Albani and other famous singers and instrumentalists have consented to take part, preceded by a reception and followed by a soirée, will take place in the suite of magnificent galleries and drawing-rooms, in aid of the Cottage and Orphans' Home Fund of the Furniture

ment—priceless as are its examples of Titian, Rubens, Murillo, and Vandyck, it has perhaps an even stronger claim upon public interest by reason of the many important social and charitable movements that have received the approving sanction and cordial help of its noble owners. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are entitled to no common gratitude for the splendid generosity with which they throw open their great treasure-house in so many good causes.

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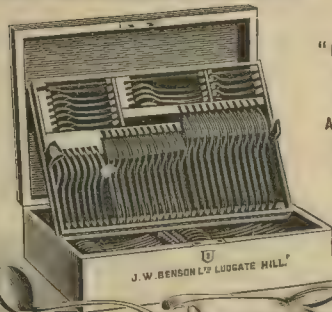
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THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

The actual whereabouts of Admiral Rozhdstvensky and his colleagues is still in doubt at the time of writing, but the squadron under Admiral Nebogatoff has passed Singapore, and will be able to effect a junction with the other division during the week. It is not surprising that feeling in Japan should run high in connection with the manner in which the Russians have used the neutral waters of France for the purpose of re-victualling and re-coaling their ships. It is clear that from the 15th of last month until the 24th, Rozhdstvensky was in Kamoh Bay taking in supplies, and according to the very circumstantial account sent by a Press agent at Hong-Kong, the transports were still supplying the Russian vessels from Saigon during last week. As it is probable that Nebogatoff's vessels will arrive in a very similar condition to those of the previous division, it seems likely that unless he can fill up his loaders and store-rooms at sea, there will be a further breach of neutrality. The serious nature of the damage which Japan must suffer in these circumstances is beyond question.

Then, there is the announcement that a flotilla of destroyers has escaped on a raiding cruise from Vladivostok, with the strong probability that they covered the departure of the two armoured cruisers which were said to be in readiness to leave that port. If these two cruisers, *Rossia* and *Gromoboi*, have been able to slip out, they are in all probability on their way to join Rozhdstvensky, whose squadron will thus be reinforced in the very direction in which it is weakest. Last week it was



LADY'S WRITING BUREAU IN FUMIGATED OAK.
AT MESSRS. OETZMANN'S.

mentioned in this column that these vessels would probably seize an opportunity to effect a junction with their friends before the rival fleets came into contact, and at the same time reference was made to the belief in naval circles that, other things being equal, an action should be decided by the greater number of guns of and above 8 in. in calibre. Comparing the guns of this size in the two fleets we find that Admiral Togo has in his battle-ships and armoured cruisers a total of fifty-one guns, composed of twenty 12-in., one 10-in., and thirty 8-in. pieces; while Rozhdstvensky, Nebogatoff, and the Vladivostok squadron total fifty-nine, made up of twenty-six 12-in., thirteen 10-in., twelve 9-in., and eight 8-in. guns. But the phrase, "Other things being equal," covers a multitude of possibilities.

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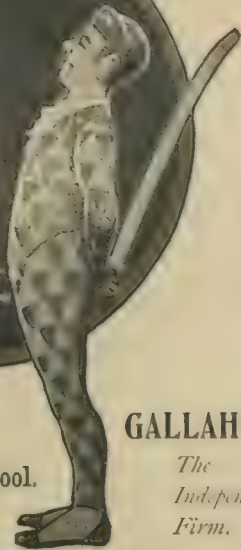
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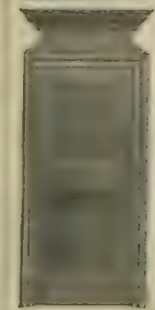
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nephew, and John Walter Duncan, the value of the estate being £92,331. The testator bequeaths £1000 to J. W. Duncan; £300 to E. W. Schuller, and subject thereto he leaves all his property in trust for his wife for life, and on her decease he gives 100,000 German marks to each of his nephews, Edward William Schuller, Gerald Charles Schuller, and Dr. Edward Schuller; 1000 marks per annum to his sister Alwine Schuller; 5000 marks per annum to his sister Cecilia Schuller; and the ultimate residue to sixteen nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1900), with three codicils, of MR. REUBEN DAVID SASSOON, of Queen's Gardens, Hove, and 14, Pall Mall, who died on March 7, was proved on April 29 by David Sassoon, the son, Arthur Sassoon, the brother, and Maurice Elias Gubbay, the value of the estate being £92,037. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his wife; £20,000 to his daughter Louise Judith Sassoon; £10,000 to his daughter Rachel Ricarda Marrot; £1000 each to his grandchildren Harold Marrot, Vera Cecilia Gubbay, and Cyril Raphael; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1899), with a codicil, of BRIGADIER-GENERAL EYKE MACDONELL STEWART CRABBE, C.B., late Grenadier Guards, of Staff House,

Aldershot, and Glen Eyre, Bassett, Southampton, who died on March 8, was proved on April 26 by Ernest Augustus Jackson, the value of the real and personal estate being £76,843. The testator gives £1000 to his daughter, Violet Constance, for her constant and loving help in acting as his secretary; £100 to his executor; £50 per annum, and the use of a cottage, to his steward, Thomas Stewart; and £500 and the income from his residuary estate to his wife, Mrs. Emily Constance Crabbe. Subject thereto all his property is to be equally divided among his children.

The will (dated June 6, 1901) of the HON. SIR FRANCIS JOHN PAKESHAM, K.C.M.G., of Bernhurst, Hurst Green, Sussex, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on April 28 by the Hon. Lady Caroline Matilda Pakenham, the widow, the value of the real and personal estate being £65,281. The testator leaves all he shall die possessed of to his wife.

The will (dated July 17, 1903), with a codicil, of MR. JOHN MORRIS, of 34, Hyde Park Square, and Abbotcliffe, near Folkestone, head of the firm of Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, and Co., 17, Throgmorton Avenue, who died on March 22, was proved on May 2 by Captain Alfred Morris, the son, and William Hobbs Adams, the value of the estate amounting to £392,402.

The testator gives £5000, an annuity of £3000, and the use of his house at Folkestone, with the furniture, etc., to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Morris; £250 per annum to William Hobbs Adams, to be continued to his wife should she survive him, and an additional £300 per annum for acting as executor; and one half of all money payable at his death in respect of his share of the profits in his firm to Frederick Crisp and William Hobbs Adams. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, as to nine tenths for his son Alfred, seven tenths each for his sons Percy and Capel, three tenths for his daughter Mrs. Lizzie McLachlan, and four tenths for his granddaughter Joan Morris.

The will (dated July 24, 1897), with three codicils, of MR. HENRY HARRIS HILL, of The Knoll, Parkstone, Dorset, who died on March 29, has just been proved by Henry Perry and Henry Hill Hartridge, the value of the real and personal estate being £118,525. The testator gives £240 per annum, in trust, for his son, Arthur Sidney; £500 per annum and the use of the household furniture, etc., to his sister Eliza Mary; £2000, in trust, for his grandson Rowland Hill; and legacies to servants. Three tenths of his residuary estate he leaves, in trust, for his son Henry Harris Hill, and seven tenths, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Sarah Ellen Perry.

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Dear Sir,—Your letter to hand asking my opinion of the "URN" Pipe I purchased from you some time back. It has given me entire satisfaction in every possible way. It has been a fall of mine ever since I smoked—now over twenty years ago—to discover a pipe that was sweet, smoked to the bottom of the bowl, and put no nicotine in my mouth, and, till I tried yours, I have never discovered one. Generally they go all right for about six days, but on the seventh you get as much nicotine in your mouth as one go as you would in the other six days together, so back I have had to go to the old-fashioned pipe till the next patent came along; but, like the man who believed in the water-tight leather boot, I have persevered and have become successful at last. Being a heavy smoker, I always carried two pipes, so that one could cool while I smoked the other; but with yours I found it unnecessary, as, although the bowl would be hot, the pipe itself was cool and sweet, and the combustion perfect. Please send me one of the latest in case, for which I enclose cheque, if any difference in size, the largest.

P.S.—I never mind saying a good word for a good thing, so you can make what use of this you like.—W. C. E.

A SCIENTIST'S OPINION.

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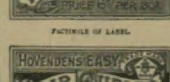
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